

Only For You - Mileven Oneshots by queenaight

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Summary: Fluffy, angsty, and spicy oneshots all in one! I recommend reading this on Wattpad. My username and title of the book is the same on Wattpad.

1. Shouldn't Have Let You Go

Takes place when El is closing the gate.

Mike tapped his foot anxiously on the ground, the sound echoing awkwardly in the silent room. Mike didn't know if the silence was a blessing or a curse, but all he knew, was that the atmosphere felt depressing and empty, like it was missing something.

El.

He didn't know if she was okay, and that thought hurt him. Eleven just came back, and now she's gone again, with the unknown if she'd come back.

No. She's going to be okay, he told himself in his head, having to repeat it. Though it didn't beat the darkness overlapping the positive thoughts, winning the fight.

Mike didn't want to cry again. But you don't always get what you want.

Tears started streaming down his cold face, flooding his eyeballs with salty, untold liquid.

His leg shook wildly, him watching as the tears made tiny spots of wet stains on his pants.

She is going to be okay, she is going to be okay, she is going to be okay.

Everybody in the room tried to ignore the boy's sobs in the corner of the room, knowing, he needs some space. He couldn't deal with other people at the moment.

He just needed El. He just needed to hold her in his arms once she got back, as she smiles in his chest, not crying tears of emptiness, but love. He needed to feel her, feel her skin against his, knowing that she's real. She's here, she's actually here. He needed to look into her dark brown pools and to tell her just how much she means to him. He needs to hold her hand and tell her everything is going to be alright.

Memories of the past flooded his brain, making the tears fall faster. The bike rides, how she looked at him, comforting her, teaching her things...

The kiss.

He remembered how the sparks flew like a wildfire. It was brief, but yet so special.

And...the Snowball.

He promised her, they are going to go. A promise is a promise, something that can never be broken.

Ever.

"I should have went with her," he mumbled, looking down at the ground.

Lucas turned around, surprised.

"Definitely not. Have you seen all those demedogs? It'd be lucky if they even come out ali-"

"They are going to be fine, alright!" Mike spat, sobbing harder, thinking about how unsafe it is out there. He could have protected her, she shouldn't have gone. She shouldn't be on this much stress, she doesn't deserve it.

Why her? Why not me?

"El please come back." He whispered.

"I love you."

"Mike!" El giggled, running into his arms, almost knocking him over.

"I missed you," Mike smiled, kissing her forehead.

"Missed you too," El grinned, shoving her face into the crook of his neck, taking in all of him.

Mike held her tightly, embracing her warmth.

Mike tick a strand of her curls behind her ear, looking at her face. It is filled with a beautiful pink, her eyes twinkling.

"You're so beautiful," Mike whispered, which made her face turn from pink to red.

El gave him a peck on his cheek-

His daydream broke once Dustin wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

"She's fine," Dustin smiled, looking at his red, puffy eyes.

Mike only nodded, throwing his head back against the wall.

I hope so.

He thinks about El giggling. He thinks about her eating eggos, accidentally getting whipped cream on her nose as they both laugh

about it. He's going to read her stories as she listens, asking him about certain words as Mike teaches her it. He thinks about cuddling her in cold nights, having to come closer for warmth as they fall asleep together. How they'd have pillow fights and look up at the stars, or pointing to funny shaped clouds. Or how El would hug him tightly as they go on a beautiful bike ride. How they'd kiss under a glowing light, or in a rainy day.

Mike's face fell.

Does she even love me? Does she know what love even is?

It broke his heart.

Stupid. Just be happy she's alive.

Hopefully.

A car pulled up in the driveway. The sound made Mike's ears perk up, as he immediately ran outside.

There, was Hopper's car. They're back. They really are back.

Mike wiped away his tears.

"Where's El? Is she okay?" He cried, not seeing her in the dark night.

Hopper gave out a hitched sigh, his eyes darkening.

"I-I think so..." Hopper sighed.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows.

"You think so?!" He screeched running up to the backseat door, heart racing. He panicked.

This is not how it's supposed to be.

He opened the door in a heartbeat, his face falling as his eyes widened, seeing her weak body. Blood stains, tear stains, skin looked rotten.

Mike couldn't keep his tears away this time, crying as loud as he could.

"El!" He gasped, choking on his own spit.

Hopper pushed him back, picking up El in his arms.

"She's going to be fine!" He screamed, speed walking to the door.

Mike couldn't take his blurry eyes off of Eleven, looking at the unconscious girl.

Everyone rushed towards her once he was placed down on the couch,

asking Hopper a bundle of questions.
Hopper shut them up, annoyed.

Mike knelt down, holding her hand lightly, feeling the dry skin, rubbing it with his thumb.

He unknowingly rocked back and fourth, feeling light headed and dehydrated.

"I n-need to be with her...alone." He demanded, not caring what they think.

They were hesitant at first, but agreed, knowing how much Mike cared about this girl.

The door closed with a click, as he stared at her face. Even with all the dirt and blood, she's beautiful.

His hand twitched at the feeling of movement, seeing her body adjust itself.

"Mike." She breathed out.

"E-El..." he cried, smiling at her words. A huge wave of relief washed over him, as he squeezed her hand tighter.

Her eyes lacked the warmth he remembered. She looked broken. She looked sick.

"You're back," he grinned, seeing her close her eyes.

No response.

"El?" His smile turned back into a frown.

He shook her body, seeing no movement.

"El?!" He screeched.

El opened her eyes slightly, only to be closed once more.

"Mike...It's hurting..." she whined, wanting to cry but not finding the strength.

"What's hurting El? Are you okay?" He blabbered, his pupils decreasing in size. She doesn't deserve any pain.

"Mike..." she breathed once more, not finding oxygen.

The whole situation just struck him like a bullet.

"No no no El! No! Stay strong for me okay?" Latching on to both of her hands.

All he got was a muttered whine, barely audible.

She wanted to tell him she loved him. She wanted to hold him, touch him, laugh with him, kiss him.

She couldn't do that though. She tried to find any last strength but no use. She didn't want to go without Mike.

I want to stay with Mike. Please don't take me away from Mike. She thought.

Please, please let me stay.

Moments later, all hope was lost.

Her hand went limp in his, her body purple.

Mike cried and cried, not knowing how he still had water in his body, shaking her body.

No , no, she can't be gone.

She can't be.

Mike placed his hand against her chest. No heartbeat.

He froze. He couldn't cry, he couldn't breath, he couldn't think.

But that quickly passed, with Mike crying sounds like screeching, crying into her chest.

"No El, you can't do this to me!" He cried.

"We were going to do so much!" He continued.

"Please El!" He cried, but no use.

She was gone.

All his memories, all his thoughts oh hugging her, kissing her, laughing with her washed away.

She left him again, but this time, there was no chance of her coming back.

He hugged her dead body tightly, not believing this happened. He's not going to say goodbye.

He doesn't think he can.

The family came running in, hearing him through the doors.

"What happened?" They all screeched.

"She's gone."

And he never got to say "I love you."

2. Susie, Do You Copy?

"Hey... it's me Mike." He sighed, fumbling with his fingers.

"I-I know I've called you about a thousand times..." he let out a forced chuckle.

"...But you didn't pick up..a-and I just want to make sure you're okay..." his heart raced of anxiety, trying to keep his cool, but failing.

"Susie, are you there?" He asked, fidgeting as he waited for an answer.

Static. Lots of static. He lost hope until-

"Hey Mike, I copy," El smiled, liking the soft sound of Mike's voice.

Mike let out a relieved sigh, his stress washing away.

"I'm sorry I didn't pick up...busy," El explained, tapping her fingers on the new supercom Hopper got for her. She wasn't allowed to see Mike everyday, only once in a while, so to keep El and Mike from not going insane, they're allowed to at least talk to each other on the days they couldn't see each other.

Mike and El used that rule for their best advantage. All day every day, they would be talking. Morning, afternoon, night time, always.

When it was dinner time, Mike ate his food in a hurry, stuffed it down his throat to immediately talk to El again. When him and the boys were hanging out, he would often ring up El to be part of the conversation. The only time he didn't talk to her was in school, but even then, he would talk to her during lunch or hallway breaks. Even when El woke him up in the middle of the night, he'd be happy to talk to her.

Anything for El.

El really had nothing to do all day, but when Hopper would tell her to get off the supercom, she'd normally be annoyed at him and stare at him with death glares. When Mike wasn't around, she'd watch television or lay around in bed, waiting...and waiting...and waiting for him.

She wanted to be with Mike. Forever and always.

Though there was one thing they had to do.

El went by "Susie" on the radio.

Sure, they are pretty sure nothing would happen, but they can't take

chances. What if someone was listening in? What if someone was tracking down Eleven?

They agreed it on one night, El didn't exactly like the name, but it was better than the name Max, she thought.

One time, Mike made a screw up, and called her "El" one day. Which, of course caused a whole lot of panic, mostly from his half.

"That's okay," Mike replied, melting under the sound of her sweet, delicate voice.

"You worry a lot," El pointed out, giggling.

"Yeah...well...you mean a lot to me," Mike gushed, almost wishing he didn't say that.

Mike couldn't see it, but El looked down and blushed, a smile crept upon her face.

"You too," El stated.

Mike relaxed on the couch he was sitting on. Hearing El's voice over the supercom was a dream.

He never thought he would hear it.

Those 353 days were hard...very hard. All he got was static.

Static.

Static.

And more static.

But now... he has El.

Sweet, adorable, wonderful El.

It was heaven, really. Sometimes he thought he wasn't deserving, or didn't think much of himself, but this girl knew how to stitch it all up.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow, Susie."

"I'm looking forward to it, Mike."

3. Sweet Rain

Boom!

El jumps at the loud thunder. She's always been scared of it, Mike knew that from the first day he met her.

Mike squeezes her hand and brings her closer to him, relaxing her with the warmth of his body.

"Shhh it's okay El~" he smiles at her with twinkling eyes.

He caresses the soft skin on her palm with his thumb, liking the way her baby hands felt against his.

El grinned and closes her eyes, focusing on the feel of the atmosphere, focusing on his love towards her. She leans her head against his shoulder, her curls spreading across and tickling his neck, making Mike giggle.

Mike buries himself into the ruffled mess, his cheeks turning warm as he snuggles closer.

Pit pat, pit pat

The rain pours harder against the window, the only sound in the silence.

Boom!

El's shoulders propped up, squeezing her eyes, but with Mike next to her, she felt safe.

El's stressed lips turned back into an adorable smile, rubbing up against Mike's shoulder as if she was a cat.

Mike lifted a hand to play with her delicate curls, the fingers massaging her scalp and El giggles, lighting his heart on fire. That's all he needs in life, El's cute little giggle. That alone will make his legs go wobbly and cheeks go red.

El wanted nothing but to stay like this forever. She was feeling nothing but pure happiness and love for the boy who saved her life. She wraps her arms around his torso tightly, melting into him, the only person she can't stand to lose...again.

Mike's heart race picked up at the close contact, his face only allowing him to smile so much.

Mike studies her rested face, her eyes fluttered close so softly, her lips in a slight beautiful smile, her pinks nice and rosey, with steady breaths.

She is perfect.

Mike wanted nothing more but to see her happy. He would give up everything for her.

He will give the world to her, he doesn't know how yet, but he knows, he will somehow, even if it takes everything.

Mike takes a glance outside the window, eyes focusing as the rain drops arrive and drips. It was sunset, the water reflecting the orange light.

He looks around the room, even though he loves the relaxed atmosphere, he wanted more adventure.

"El?" He patted his hand on her shoulder, making her eyes perk up at him.

"Yes Mike?" Her voice sounded as soft as butter, making Mike's heart skip a beat.

"Lets go outside," he suggested, his face lighting up. The thought of El and him playing and jumping in the rain made him blush, wanting to hear her laugh as she skipped in puddles as her beautiful curls drip with rainwater.

El tilted her head, giving him a puzzled look.

"In the rain?" She asked. Being out in the rain scares her. It reminds her of when she thought she was helpless in her lab gown, blood stains on her skin, constantly running from the bad men.

It reminds her of when she didn't have Mike.

"It will be fun," Mike gave her a reassuring smile, as his eyes were obviously filled with fired excitement.

Mike noticed her uncertain look, her looking at the ground, shuffling her feet.

"It'll be okay, I'm here," He whispered, raising her chin with his finger.

El stared into his dark pools, immediately melting by just his words.

She found it odd that her answer escaped her lips before she thought about it.

"Okay."

Mike took her hand and led her up the basement steps.

"Hey, where are you two kids going?" Karen asked, cleaning dishes in the sink.

Mike handed her an old raincoat of Nancy's that she could borrow, putting his own on afterwards,

"Just in the front yard," Mike replied, twisting the doorknob.

"It's raining!" Karen gave him a weird look.

"That's what makes it fun!" Mike smiled, before closing the door behind him with a click.

Mike instantly ran out in the rain, a huge open mouth smile on his face. He looked up at the rain, embracing the wet drops dropping from his hood.

El stood at the front of the porch, looking up at the sky. She took a step back, innocently putting her hands behind her back and looking down.

El's concerned thoughts got interrupted when she felt a cold, damp hand interlace with her fingers.

"It's going to be okay, El," he gave her a reassuring look.

"I promise."

El took a deep breath, and nodded her head slightly, smiling at his cute little face that was covered in freckles, the rain dropping down outlining the structure, and his eyes that was filled with warmth and love.

El remembered the night when Mike found her. Before that, she was in hiding, scared and freezing from the cold rain, hoping for a better life. She cried and cried, losing all hope, losing every bit of seeing the beautiful side of the road. She had no one, no one who cared about her, no one who didn't use her, no one that loved her.

Ever since then, El has avoided the rain, reminding her of when she didn't have any of this, a house, a real, loving dad, friends...Mike.

But she did it. She took a step outside from the porch, squeezing Mike's hand out of fear.

Mike squeezed back, releasing some stress.

She closed her eyes, carefully focusing on the feel of the raindrops hitting her skin, and the sound of it hitting her rain coat.

She opened her eyes back up when she heard movement from Mike, finding him jumping in a puddle.

She giggled as he skipped and hopped, the water rising and falling with each jump.

"Come on, El!" He laughed, motioning her to come closer.

She laughed and ran over, taking his hands that were reached out for her.

With both hands in his palm, he resumed his jumping.

El chuckled and hopped once, the rain splashing her rain boots. She smiled wide at the experienced and did it again, quickly building a rhythm with Mike.

Soon, they were jumping at the same time, hands in hands, laughing uncontrollably.

Mike's heart fluttered as he saw El's twinkling eyes out of excitement, her adorable little laugh as she felt the water splash her.

El stopped, getting winded and out of breath from laughing and exercising too much.

Mike couldn't help but to just stare at her, her reactions being the cutest thing to him.

El did twirls in the rain, putting down her hood, liking the feel of the rain hitting her scalp.

Her bad thoughts about the past quickly faded, with Mike by her side.

Mike grabbed her hips, resting his chin on the top of her head.

El hugged him, burying her face into his chest, blush on her cheeks.

"I love you," he gushed. He didn't normally say that, even though he loves her with all his heart. He'd normally be too anxious to or too embarrassed. But this time, he didn't care, it was the truth after all.

El snuggled closer, closing her eyes at his warmth compared to the cold air around them.

The two lovers stood as the rain poured harder on them.

"I...I love you too," El smiled. She's new to the concept of love, but

what she does know is that she has it for Mike, he's the only person that can make her feel that way.

Mike blushed hearing those words, and kissed her head, covered in her curls.

This all reminds him of the day she found El, his true love.

Mike contain his love any longer. He leaned down slowly, closing his eyes, waiting for what's about to come.

El got the message as she raised her head to meet Mike's lips. They couldn't help but to smile as they kissed.

There was something special about each time. It never got any less special.

Mike melted into her, her lips driving him insane. Her soft lips felt so right against his.

El's heart wildly fluttered, her chest feeling like it was on fire. No, she doesn't *exactly* know what it means, but she does know it's beautiful, and that she could do it all day with him. He's here, he's actually here. Not just in her mind.

Love.

They broke it apart as El's head fit perfectly in Mike's neck.

"Come on kids! You're going to get a cold!" Karen yelled from the door. The two lovers immediately backed away from each other, embarrassed.

"I made some tea for you two!" Karen exclaimed.

Mike smiled and took El's hand, leading her inside.

They got their tea and cuddled underneath a warm blanket.

"Thank you," El softly said.

"For what?"

"For you."

4. The Secret of the 353 Days

Mike called her every night for 353 days. He never gave up, not once. He knew it was crazy to call a girl he only knew for a week, but it was different. He felt something with her no one would understand. So that's why, when he called her, he kept it a secret.

Or so he thought.

Lucas lays in bed, almost asleep when he heard static from his supercom. His eyes flutter open and he sighs.

"Here it goes again," he mumbles to himself, not ready for what he knew would happen next.

'El... it's me, Mike, Day 213. I-I just want to let you know I'm still here...'

Lucas frowns at his words. Part of him thinks he's absolutely crazy. Sometimes he just wants to scream at him that he needs to get over her, it would be better for him. But the other part feels awful. He can hear the cries hidden in his throat. He couldn't even imagine how much pain he could be feeling.

Tears prick his eyes and he guts up to shut the supercom off, not being able to stand it anymore.

"I-I really miss you. Please come home, I need you."

Dustin sits on the floor, the supercom on his lap. He listens to Mike's calls to her ever night. He's not trying to be creepy, he's trying to understand. He's trying to understand his feelings. He *wants* to understand what he's going through. It's hard, he knows that. He still doesn't fully get it, but he's learning little by little.

He just wants to be there for for Mike, no matter what.

"If you're there, please give me a sign," Will hears, immediately throwing the supercom across the room in anger. He breaks out in a quiet sob, not trying to wake up anyone in the house.

He feels guilty. Mike wouldn't be in this pain if it wasn't for him, he thought. She's gone because she saved him, but Mike needs her. He can't accept the fact she may be gone.

Will never got the chance to meet her, but hearing Mike's words every night makes him know she was great. Amazing, really. He understands how much she meant to him. Mike hasn't been the same with her gone, he hasn't been the Mike he remembered.

"And it's all because of me," Will sobs into his arm.

'I'll call you tomorrow, El,'

5. Kiss

Ever since Mike Wheeler has kissed El at the snowball, El fell in love with it.

She would sneak in kisses or ask for them, which would turn Mike's face completely red.

One time, the party was in Mike's basement, playing D&D as they always do. Mike was always excited for the game, but today he was even more happy, since he was teaching El how to play.

El pretended to pay attention but her thoughts drifted off to the pretty boy in front of her. She thought about how his lips felt on hers, and the butterflies that would flutter around in her stomach every time he kissed her.

El bit her lip. "Mike?" She says, making all of the party look at her.

"Yes?" Mike asks, thinking she had a question or was confused on a certain rule of the game.

"Kiss me," El said innocently.

Mike's face turned red and he was completely frozen as the rest of the party burst out laughing. Will tried not to laugh but did anyways, Dustin was wiping tears out of his eyes, Max was giving them a smirk, and Lucas was wheezing.

"Um... I-if you want we can later..." Mike mumbled, hesitant of his words.

"Oh I wonder what other *stuff* you'd be doing late-"

Mike stepped on Dustin's to interrupt him.

El shook her head. "Now," her tone begging, "please Mike?"

She was giving him puppy eyes and was pouting, Mike not knowing what to do.

"Miiiike," El frowned, tugging his shirt, "kiss!"

Mike's face was a tomato now, and even though he heard all the teasing, he leaned in and kissed her quickly.

"Okay, back to the game!" Mike spat out of embarrassment, though a smile crept on his face about El.

Another time, Mike and El were sitting on the couch, watching one of those cheesy shows El loves so much. Mike didn't know what was on the screen, too busy staring at her reactions until El said,

"That's us!" Pointing to the television. Mike glanced at the television and blushed, the characters kissing.

"Y-yeah... us," Mike stuttered.

El looked up at Mike with a twinkle in her eye, and grabbed Mike's hand.

"Can we do that now?" El asked kindly. Mike's heart race picked up and he was pretty sure El could feel the sweat in his palm.

"U-uh, sure," Mike flushed, and El immediately brought her lips to his.

It wasn't one second before Mike completely melted into her.

He pulled away, seeing a look on El's face that he didn't expect. She didn't look satisfied, she looked disappointed.

"Too short. Again," El frowned, pulling Mike in again.

They kissed once again, and after a few seconds, El pulled away.

"Better," she giggled.

It got to the point where Mike could tell she wanted a kiss. It was a certain pout and twinkle in her eye that would tell him.

"Mike?" El grabbed his arm as they walked on the sidewalk.

Mike turned to her and studied her face before giving her a peck on the lips.

El blushed and smiled, her dimples showing.

"Thanks," she grinned. Mike laughed.

"El, just hold on a l-little longer okay?" Mike croaked, tears spilling out of his eyes.

Mike ran and ran with El in her arms, almost choking on his sobs as he could feel how weak she was.

"You're gonna be o-okay El, it's okay," He whispered, putting a hand over her wound. "Were almost at the hospital."

El didn't have the strength to cry. She didn't have the strength to scream. She felt an intense amount of pain she couldn't describe.

But somehow, she managed to get out the words, "kiss me."

Mike barley heard her words, too focused on getting to the hospital, but he did.

"I'm sorry El, n-not now y-you're hurt," Mike frowned.

El sighed before responding. "One last time. Please."

Mike shivered at her words.

"O-One last time? N-no! After you get better we can go back to

normal, and I can kiss you all you w-want," Mike sobbed, even in more of a hurry to get there.
El looked up at him with tired eyes.

"One last kiss. I'm not going to make it."

6. Hugs and Cuddles

El doesn't know what it is, but she knows she loves it. The feeling of Mike's arms holding her close, feeling his body pressed against hers, embracing her with his warmth is a feeling that makes El get all fluttery inside. Every time he hugs her she gets millions of butterflies in her stomach and her face turns red, not being able to break the constant smile that creeps up on her lips.

El only really knows two types of hugs. The first type being a forgiving hug. She still remembers the first time Mike embraced her. It was the first time she knew someone cared about her, someone who didn't see her as an excitement, or a monster. But in that moment, Mike spoke the words "No El, you are not the monster," which made El believe him, because something about the look in his eye made her trust him. His eyes weren't dark and deep like Papa's were. Instead, they were warm, comforting, almost as if they were trying to suck El into them. His brown pools were speaking a million words without speech.

And when he put his arms around her body, she felt like the whole world disappeared around them. She wanted to sink into his arms and hold him tighter, wanting him to never leave. She felt like if she let go, he would leave her, and she'd be out in the forest again, or even worst, in the lab. And so she held him for as long as she could, liking how all their problems were non existent in those few minutes.

The second hug El knows is a "I haven't seen you in so long" hug. The moment she walked into the door of the Byers house that one night, she saw Mike. Mike was all that mattered right then and there. It was only them two.

It felt too good to be true. She needed to feel him, know he was really there. The pain that they both went through was forgotten, because they were finally together again, and hopefully, forever.

El wanted to run into Mike's arms and say sorry, sorry she couldn't contact him, sorry she didn't let him know she was okay. She wanted to cry into Mike's shoulder, to hold him tight and never let go.

But if she had to be honest with herself, she was frozen. She got lost in his eyes, feeling like she was in a dream. She could feel the tears running down her face but she couldn't move. She was just so...

awestruck.

But when her legs allowed her to move, she did what she wanted to do, and felt his touch.

El doesn't know of any other hugs. She never got that experience until Mike came along. She didn't even *know* if it was a normal thing to do, or only in very special moments. But she does know she wants to feel it again, and this time, never leave.

Once, at Mike's house, they were watching a movie on the couch, enjoying some egos and popcorn, happy to be in each other's company.

El felt a tiny feeling on her finger, so she looked down, seeing Mike's fingers were slowly creeping onto hers. She looked up at his face for explanation, but all she saw was anxiety and his face as red as a tomato, still staring at the screen.

She didn't say anything, because deep down she liked where this was going, even if she didn't know what it was.

His hand finally interlocked with hers, and her face too, turned red. She didn't know why, but it made her feel the same way as hugs. Was this a hug? Is it a hand hug?

She glanced at his face again and he was still focused on the screen, like he was embarrassed or flustered. He was gulping nervously and El couldn't stop the smile on her face and her rosey pink cheeks.

El scooted her body closer to his, liking how close they felt. She could see Mike's eyes widen and she swears he was starting to sweat.

She stopped once their thighs were touching, grinning happily, never parting their hands.

"E-El?" Mike stuttered. The words startled El since no words were spoken in a while.

El looked up at him. "Yes?"

Mike gulped nervously again and his leg was bouncing up and down.

"Do-do you want to put your head o-on my shoulder...? I mean, you don't have to but it would be more comfortable, but it's fine if you don't want to," he rambled, not being able to stop his mouth.

El giggled. She didn't know what was happening but she liked the thought of being closer to Mike.

She put her head on his shoulder and his body stiffened, all the hair on his body sticking up. El didn't know his face could go any redder

than it was.

"Would this be a hug?" El asked.

Mike raised an eyebrow, not being able to stop the chuckle that came out. "No El, it wouldn't."

When El showed her thinking face, Mike decided to go into further explanation. "A hug is when you squeeze or hold someone with your arms, mostly when standing but it can be sitting too."

El nodded her head and proceeded to wrap her arms around his torso, burying her head in his chest.

"Is this a hug?" El questioned.

Mike couldn't speak any words for a bit, he was frozen, all the blood in his body rushing to his face. He couldn't help the big dorky smile on his face feeling El so close.

"Well, uh, n-not really. This would be called cuddling," Mike explained.

"Cud-dl-ling?" El sounded out.

"Yeah, cuddling, when two or more people hold each other close and stay that way for a while to show love or affection."

El smiled. "Can we cuddling more?"

Mike laughed and poked her nose, "it would be said as "can we cuddle more?" He gave her a look with eyes full of love.

"And yes."

Another time she experienced something like a hug or a cuddle is when Hopper and Joyce decided to take the kids on a little trip to the beach during the summer. They rented a little beach house with enough rooms for all of the party. They thought it would be a nice way to get away from everything in Hawkins.

It was night time on the first day they arrived, and they were all beat from riding waves all day.

"Alright kids, go pick your rooms, I'm going to bed," Hopper said groggily, immediately going into his room and collapsing on the mattress. Chaperoning six kids is not easy.

The pairs were Lucas and Dustin, Mike and Will, and El and Max.

Mike was walking behind Will to their room, only to feel a small hand grab his large one, the softness making him know instantly it was El.

He turned behind him instantly, and he saw beautiful El, as expected.

"Mike," she pouted, her eyes twinkling visibly in the dark.

Mike instantly blushed at her small, soft voice.

"Yes El? Is something wrong?" He asked.

El hesitated for a moment. "Together," she said.

Mike raised an eyebrow, "together... what?" He questioned, honestly confused.

"Us. Sharing a bed," El smiled at the thought, El nervously rubbing her thumb in circles on Mike's hand.

Mike stood up straight and his blush was now visible in the dark.

"No no no El, we can't," Mike flustered, his response fast.

El frowned and her eyes darkened. "You don't... want to?"

Mike took a deep breath, knowing she wouldn't understand fully.

"El... I'd love to, trust me, but we can't."

"Why?" El was only getting more confused now. Why would you not do something you wanted to do?

Mike sighed, and scratched his head. "Hopper wouldn't like it," he told her.

El tilted her head. "But he knows we're in love."

Mike couldn't help the smile that plastered on his face and his big twinkling eyes at that moment. The words "in love," struck his heart and he felt fluttery.

And he couldn't lie. The thought of laying with El, maybe even able to hold her close, made his heart jump and he desperately wanted to.

"I know, I know, but it's different, trust me," Mike said, strictly so he wouldn't have to explain the gross stuff Hopper would think they would be doing.

El would normally give in by now, but her want to cuddle him was taking over.

"Hopper's asleep," she pointed out, "doesn't matter."

Mike too, would normally deny her again, but the look on her face and his own mind wanted to say yes.

"O-okay," he blushed, thinking it was weird how his answer came out before he even thought about it.

El's frown was replaced by a big grin, the one that made her cheeks rise as far as they could.

"Let me ask Will if that's alright," Mike said, leaving El temporarily and walking into his room.

Will was brushing his teeth, not in bed which was good, Mike wouldn't want to wake him.

"Will?" Mike asked behind him, Will turning his gaze.

"Yeah?" Will asked with a mouth full of toothpaste.

"uh... um..." Mike didn't know how to get his words out, the whole situation would sound so stupid.

"Mike tell me," Will rolled his eyes.

Mike looked down and shuffled his feet, face full of blush.

"Can... can you sleep in Max's room tonight?" Mike rushed his question.

Will chuckled. "I mean, I can, why?"

Mike flushed and Will could tell.

"You want to share a room with El, don't you?" Will gave a playful smirk, then proceeding to rinse out his mouth.

Mike's eyes widened. "W-what? No- I..."

Will raised his eyebrows.

Mike sighed. "Um, yeah..." Mike gave in.

Will punched Mike's shoulder. "You turned into such a softie."

Mike smiled. "Look who's talking," Mike threw back at him.

"We have thin walls here, I better not hear anything," Will stared at Mike.

Mike turned red. "W-what! No! E-El just wanted to share a room! I'd never do that to her without her consent!"

"Chill, I was joking," Will laughed, then went to the door. "See you in the morning."

Mike grinned. "See ya."

El walked into the room with her teddy bear in her arms, in her pajamas. Mike's heart fluttered at the sight of adorable El.

El smiled and Mike swore he was in heaven.

"Do you need to brush your teeth still?" Mike asked, and El shook her head no.

Mike was sitting straight up, his back leaning against the headboard of the queen sized bed. El walked up and got underneath the covers. She was so snug that only her face and hair showed. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes still had that same twinkle that made Mike feel like he fell in love all over again. She was just so *cute*, her hair laying across the pillow and a stuffed animal next to her.

"Cold?" Mike snorted seeing her so wrapped up in the blanket, he barley had any on his side.

El nodded her head and stuck out her arms.

"Hold me," El smiled giddily.

Mike was frozen for a second, then laid his body down on the bed

and lazily put an arm around her. That moment alone made Mike nervous.

El wasn't satisfied. She needed to be close as possible, to feel his warmth and be surrounded by him and only him.

She figured he wouldn't make a move so she did it herself, she slowly shuffled her body closer and closer.

Mike's heart jumped with each movement, and when she got so close she laid her cheek on his chest, he thought he stopped breathing.

"Mike," El pouted, wanting him to hold her.

"Right, uh, sorry," Mike babbled, wrapping his arm tightly around El's torso and the other playing with her hair.

El melted to his touch and smiled, burying her head in his chest as if she wanted to be absorbed into him. El wrapped her arms around his torso, but what really set Mike off is her legs wrapped around his waist.

He looked down at El's face to see nothing but happiness, something she doesn't get often. Her smile is Mike's world. El felt the whole world disappear around them as the touch of Mike's fingers going through her hair relaxed her and feeling his warmth everywhere. She could feel everything. His heart beat, (which was un-humanly fast), his chest going up and down with each breath, and his warm breath against her. She wishes she could stay like this forever.

Mike could feel El starting to fall asleep, she was obviously so comfortable.

Mike couldn't sleep because he couldn't stop staring at the beauty that was in his arms. And she's all his.

They looked like a pile of limbs wrapped around each other, like if they let go they will lose each other again.

Mike breathed in her sweet scent, and closed his eyes, feeling like he was floating.

It got to the point where he couldn't keep his hands to himself anymore. He slowly touched her lip with his thumb, admiring her face. A face that was filled with love, not pain. He stared at her lips, the lips that he has kissed before. He admired how pink and soft they were, desperate to feel them again. Every time they kiss, he feels as if no body else matters but her. Like electric jolts running through their bodies, and his heart lights up like a fire.

This caused El to stir a bit, looking up at Mike with *those* eyes.

"Oh! Sorry El, didn't mean to wake you," Mike apologized.

El giggled. "It's okay."

She saw Mike staring at part of her face, and she tilted her head.

"Mike? Something wrong?" She questioned.

Mike blushed. "No, nothing at all," he bit his lip, trying so hard not to just smash his lips onto hers.

Mike didn't know she had the same thoughts too. She stared deeply at each detail of his face, wanting to close her eyes and lean in, knowing the bliss that would come.

"Mike?"

"Y-yeah?"

"Can..." El paused, "Can I have a kiss?" El bit her lip, trying to not sound as desperate as she was.

El tugged at his shirt and Mike couldn't believe El's words. I mean, he was just thinking about that.

Without any words, he slowly leaned in, and El did the same. With their faces already being so close, it wasn't long.

Their lips brushed up against each other before they connected, Mike melting into the feel of her soft lips.

El couldn't help but to smile into the kiss, and when they broke apart, the same smile was still on her face.

When they opened their eyes, they smiled and chuckled at each other, their faces red.

El soon got a little embarrassed with Mike's staring so she blushed and hid her huge smile with a pillow, stuffing her face in it.

Mike laughed at her adorableness, bringing her chin up with a finger, not wanting her face to be hidden.

Mike couldn't believe the next words that came out of his mouth.

"C-could I kiss you again?" he spoke softly, cheeks flushed.

El nodded her head multiple times before Mike dove in again, wanting this kiss to be longer.

"Hey me and Lucas were wondering if you have any toothpa- oh my god."

Dustin and Lucas froze at the sight of Mike and El kissing with El's arms and legs wrapped around his body.

Once they heard their voices they broke apart, faces red of embarrassment.

"Oh my god you scared me guys!" Mike screeched, wanting to hide in a corner.

Dustin and Lucas gave each other smirks before laughing.

"Mike is deflowering El!" Dustin squeaked.

"What!? No!" Mike screeched, his finger tips turning red too.

"De-flo-wer-ing?" El questioned.

"Nope!" Mike squeaked, refusing to tell her what it meant.

"Dang Mike's getting it!" Lucas joked.

"Get out," Mike groaned, mad their moment got ruined.

Lucas and Dustin left the room with smirks and giggles, closing the door behind them.

Mike groaned into his hands.

"Mike?" El questioned, curling up with Mike again, which almost made Mike forget about what just happened.

"Yes?" He asked.

"Why were you em-bar-essed?" El proud of her self for using a word she learned.

"I-I don't know, I guess I don't want them see us like this," he admitted.

"Why?"

"I don't like their teasing."

"Ignore it," El grinned, "they know I love you."

Mike gulped, barley able to handle her words, sinking into her again.

"I love you too. So much El," he closed his eyes and kissed her forehead.

They fell asleep smiling.

El really, really likes hugs and cuddles.

7. Another Mike

Mike and El's hands swayed together, latched onto each other so hard it was like if they let go the other would leave.

Mike was explaining E.T. to her as they walked through the mall. El always loved looking at her surroundings, but in this moment, she couldn't look at anything else than the boy she loved. She loved his bright eyes and big smile whenever he was explaining something he was passionate about. She always listened because she was generally fascinated with all the different stories Mike could tell.

"El, have you ever tried frozen yogurt?" Mike asked out of the blue, which caught El off guard for a second.

"Frozen... yo-gat?" El questioned.

Mike chuckled. "Frozen yogurt. It basically tastes the exact same as ice-cream just a slight difference in texture," Mike explained. He always explained things so well.

El smiled at the thought of it, "can we try it?"

"Of course! That's why I asked in the first place because there is a store right here!"

El brought her gaze up to the store's sign.

"Yogurt castle," the sign read. She furrowed her eyebrows. El knew what a castle was from the books Hopper or Mike would read her, it normally involved a tall pretty building with a princess inside.

But the store didn't look like a castle at all. She didn't see a princess either.

She put her confusion to the side as she got sidetracked from some flowers that were growing in big pots. She mesmerized the beauty and the different colors from a far, wanting to get closer to inspect it more.

She started to let go of Mike's hand to walk towards the flowers before Mike grabbed her wrist.

"Where are you going?" He asked, a slight hint of worry in his voice.

"Flowers. Pretty," she responded, pointing to the assortment of colored plants.

"Oh... okay. Should I get the frozen yogurt for you?" He asked, his

hands still tightly latching on to her wrist.

"Yes. Please," El smiled, remembering what Hopper said, that she should always say 'please' and 'thank you' when asking something or someone did something nice.

She started to walk away again before Mike caught her *again*.

"Just... please don't go anywhere else okay? I'm- I trust you, I just..."

Mike got interrupted with a giggle from El.

"I won't, promise," El smiled with a hint of amusement by how much Mike worried about her with the smallest of things.

With that, Mike nodded and let go of her wrist, watching her walk off just to make sure.

He walked into the frozen yogurt shop only to realize he didn't ask what flavor she wanted.

Oh well, he'll just surprise her.

El happily inspected the flowers, seeing the different colors and patterns if she got close up.

'These will look so cute in Mike's hair!' She thought, giggling and blushing, she started to pick them off the stems for Mike, not knowing that wasn't allowed.

She went around the pot, picking the prettiest ones, before she bumped into someone.

She almost tripped but managed to get herself up straight.

"Sorry," she said.

After the person backed up a little, she could see that the person was a boy, a boy around her age.

"Sorry too," the boy responded. El was waiting for him to leave but he wouldn't. He was just *standing* there so she couldn't do anything but look down and shift her feet awkwardly.

"I'm Mike," the boy said, reaching out his hand to shake hers.

El furrowed her eyebrows. He wasn't Mike. Mike was way prettier and taller.

"No," El frowned, getting a bit angry that someone would try to pretend to be her Mike.

The boy looked at her, confused. "No...what?"

"You. Not Mike," El pointed at the boy.

The boy chuckled, "What kind of game is this? My name is Mike."

El was getting more angry by the second. She didn't know there could be multiple people named Mike.

"Stop pretending to be him," El spat, "Mike is my boy-friend," El used the new word Mike taught her ever since he confessed his love to her, saying that's what they call each other, "You're not my Mike."

The boy in front of her honestly thought this was some type of pick up line or joke.

"Woah you're moving fast! I'm already your boyfriend?" The boy laughed, and El gave him a death glare.

"Not Mike!" She ran from the boy; running towards the frozen yogurt shop.

She bursted through the doors, scanning for Mike.

"Oh hey El! I got our fro-" Mike got all the air knocked out of him when El hugged him so hard.

"El? Is something wrong?" Mike questioned, wishing he could hug her back but his hands were full with frozen yogurt.

El tugged on his shirt. "A boy. He tried to be you. He's not my Mike, you are."

Mike raised an eyebrow, "What are you talking about?"

El frowned. "He said his name was Mike. But you are Mike."

A lightbulb just then went bright in Mike's head.

"El," he couldn't help but to laugh, "I'm not the only one in the world named Mike."

El left from his embrace.

"No?"

"Names aren't meant for only one person. Almost everyone has thousands of people with the same name."

El blushed out of embarrassment and bit her lip for not knowing. She felt stupid.

"El, it's okay, you didn't know," he said, "and why were you talking to a boy?" He asked, feeling slightly jealous.

"Ran into him as I was picking flowers for you," El responded, lifting her hand so he could see the handful of flowers.

"El!!!!," he sighed, smiling, "you can't pick flowers at the mall."

"But..." El pouted, "they for you."

Mike laughed and blushed a little.

"I know you were trying to do something nice, but next time, don't pick the flowers," he chuckled, "they are pretty."

El's face brightened. "For your hair!" El exclaimed, placing them in his hair as they sat down at a small table meant for two.

Mike rolled his eyes but couldn't help to blush and admire the girl.

"Try your frozen yogurt angel," Mike said.

El smiled at the nickname Mike came up with a while ago.

"Okay."

8. Girl Talk

"Girls just wanna have fun!" Max sang in a very off tune pitch, using a hairbrush as a microphone, jumping all over El's room making some of her possessions shake.

El smiled at her, she liked her funny dance moves that made her laugh, seeing her dance around her room and sing like it was the last day of her life. El didn't exactly understand music or dancing yet, but she bobbed her head to the music, sensing a rhythm. The only time she's experienced dancing was at the snowball with Mike.

El blushed at the thought. She knew that was going to be her favorite memory forever.

When she was with Mike, swaying to the music, it felt like everyone around them disappeared. Like her and Mike were the only people on this earth, and all that mattered was him. Holding him close not knowing the next time she would see him.

She tried to pay attention to her and Max's karaoke, but her thoughts kept trailing to the boy she loved. His cute freckles that she'd count everyday, seeing if there were any new ones. Right now, he has eleven. Or how his soft lips felt against hers, always making her heart light up like fireworks. Or how he'd hold her close whenever she was crying, whisper comforting words as he would place gentle kisses on her head. The way his face would turn red whenever he got flustered, she finds it adorable. His bright smile-

"Earth to El!" Max waved a hand in front of El's face.

El snapped back into reality and shook her head as if she was trying to shake her thoughts away.

"Sorry. Just thinking," El said with a slight grin on her face, which didn't go unnoticed by Max.

"Thinking about *what* exactly?" Max wiggled her eyebrows and sat down next to El on the bed.

"Nothing," El blushed, covering her cheeks with her hands.

"Nothing my ass!" Max laughed, "could this *maybe* just *possibly* be about Mike?"

El gasped and stuffed her face into a pillow, "nooooo!"

"Friends don't lie!" Max smirked, knowing the saying after the party

told her.

El looked down out of embarrassment and fidgeted with her thumbs before she nodded her head just slightly.

"Hah! Knew it!" Max exclaimed, congratulating herself and throwing her hands up into the air, "you guys are gross."

El furrowed her eyebrows. "We're not gross. Mike could *never* be gross."

Max rolled her eyes and chuckled, "I just meant how you are constantly sharing saliva with him. You are like, basically attached by the hip!"

Max liked to pretend she was grossed out by Mike and Eleven being all mushy, but she actually finds it kinda cute.

Don't tell anyone that.

Sure, she wouldn't want to watch them make out, but El is her best friend now and even though it was hard to understand her past, she likes to see her smile. She likes to see her happy, knowing all this horrible shit she'd been through.

And Mike just happens to be the main reason why that smile of hers appears.

"Sharing saliva?" El questioned, tilting her head.

"It means kissing," Max said, "you can never catch a break!"

El smiled and her eyes lit up, "I put 'kiss mike more' on my to-do list!"

"Oh. My. God," Max wheezed, "that's not what you normally write on a to-do list."

El shook her head, "Mike told me that you write down what you want to do or need to do. I want to kiss Mike more."

"Yeah well, don't you already kiss him enough?" She laughed, teasing her.

El frowned, "not enough," she pouted, crossing her arms and huffed, like it was Mike's fault or something.

"Oookay! I'll take your word for it!" Max smiles. She didn't like Mike at first but after they made up and she saw how happy he makes El, she considers him as a good friend.

"Soooo," Max laid back into the bed and put her hands behind her

head, "What do you see in Mike? What do you like about him? Because I don't see it," Max asked, slightly teasing but also generally curious.

El smiled happily and blushed. "Everything," she sighed dreamily, leaning back with Max.

"Be more specific," Max laughed.

El thought for a moment. Where does she even start? There was so much to love, and if she said everything, it would take years she figured!

"He's pretty and very kind," El said, looking up at the ceiling as she continued, "He was... the first one to care. He gave me hope. He makes me feel...happy," El tries to find the right words but she still had limited vocabulary, which made her mad because she wish she found explain in detail how amazing he truly is.

"He makes me feel safe. He's... my home," El grinned, feeling like she was walking in clouds, "whenever he looks at me I can barley breathe. My cheeks get red and Mike says my eyes twinkle," El blushed.

"Wow," Max was honestly speechless. And never spoke that much in one sitting, and she expressed her feeling so well.

"Have you kissed Lucas?" El asked out of the blue.

Max got red, she wasn't the type to blush.

"Um...yeah," Max brushed a hair behind her ear.

El clapped her hands excitingly, "You like him?!" It was El's turn to tease.

"I-I mean... maybe..." Max stuttered, embarrassed. She wasn't supposed to have *feelings*!

El giggled and smiled bright, "You would be cute together."

Max blushed, "I bet he wouldn't even be into me, I'm afraid he thinks I'm a freak."

El widened her eyes, "What?! He likes you!" El gasped and covered her mouth, Lucas told her not to tell.

"Maybe... but not as much as Mike's head over heels for you," Max rolled her eyes.

"Head over heels?" El questioned.

"It means he's completely in love with you," Max explained.

El's heart fluttered and she bounced of happiness. "He does?!"
Max couldn't *believe* El was so oblivious, "Girl, he's basically drooling over you!"

El grinned. "Then I'm head over heels for him too."

9. Pencils and Perfection

"...We also have crayons but I like colored pencils better, they are more smooth and the colors are nicer," Will says as he brings out countless pencils and papers.

El picks up a colored pencil to inspect it, liking the softness of the color pink. "Where's the eraser?" El asked, pointing to the end of the colored pencil.

Will chuckled, "Only normal pencils have those, you can't erase colored pencil or crayon... or anything colorful really."

El's face plastered a worried expression, setting down the pencil to look at another one, "But what if you make a mistake?"

"There are no mistakes in art!" Will smiled.

He was overly excited to teach Eleven about drawing. The boys were never interested in even picking up a crayon, so he figured Eleven could be his drawing buddy.

When El picked up a crayon box and asked what it was, Will was ecstatic. He went all out, babbling about his characters and how you could make anything with art. And when El showed interest, Will wanted, *needed* to show her *everything*.

Mike had called her earlier that day, asking if he could see her, and even though El would almost say no to Mike, she said she was planning on seeing Will, which immediately worried Mike.

His first question was "just you two...alone?" And when El responded with yes, it struck a pang of jealousy in Mike. He knew it was stupid, but how could he not?

He went on a babble of questions like "what will you guys do?" and reassuring words like "I'll be here if you feel scared." El rolled her eyes and told him not to worry.

And not even a minute later after he hung up with Eleven, Mike

called Will on the supercom.

"...and make sure you have eggos okay? A-and if she has one of those flashbacks again always, and I mean always, comfort her. Oh! Make sure you don't teach her anything too extreme yet, I don't want her to get hurt. Last time, Max tried to teach El how to skateboard and she came to my crying because she got hurt. If you hurt her I will-

"Mike! Take a chill pill. I have eggos, if she has a flashback... well we both been to the upside down so it wouldn't be hard, and do you really think I would teach her anything 'extreme?' Have you forgotten who I am?"

Will found it amusing how soft Mike would get because of Eleven.

And now, Will and Eleven are sitting in Will's room, his bed a cluttered mess with art materials.

"What are you drawing?" El asked, pointing to the green thing on Will's drawing.

"I'm drawing a dragon! It spits fireballs and it ca-"

"What is dra-gon?" El questioned.

Will frowned. He forgot El didn't know a lot of things a lot, she just seemed so normal to be around. He felt bad for her, he's only just getting to know her, but he's heard the stories.

He knew they were going to become great friends and help each other out, both went through some tough times. And he *wants* to help.

"A dragon is this really cool mythical creature! There's different types. They normally have scales, some have multiple heads, some breathe ice or fire, and most have wings!" Will exclaimed, passionate about anything he's draws.

El's face darkened, "Sounds scary."

Will shook his head, "They aren't real, just really cool," Will smiled, though after seeing a demogorgan he wouldn't be surprised if dragons *were* real.

They both felt the awkwardness in the air so Will decided to change the subject.

"What will you draw?" Will asked, seeing how her paper is still blank.

El flushed, tapping a tan colored pencil repeatedly onto the paper.

"Mike," El smiled, and Will noticed how her eyes twinkled every time she brought him up.

Will smiled and laughed.

Those two dorks.

"Well what are you waiting for then?" Will questioned.

"It needs to be perfect. Mike deserves perfect," El said, overthinking on how she's going to draw him.

"It's one of your first drawings, don't stress too much. It's about having fun!" Will reassured, but El still looked uncertain.

"Hey," Will grabbed her pencil so she would make eye contact with him, "If I know Mike, he wouldn't care if it was perfect. He'd probably faint of love and appreciation just *knowing* you took the time to make something for him."

El smiled. "Promise?"

"Promise," Will grinned back, and he saw that El finally began to apply markings to the paper.

El couldn't help but to smile the whole time, she liked the feeling of being able to make *whatever* you want. She felt so free with it, she understands why Will likes it.

She puts the tan pencil down once she made an oval shape with it, grabbing a black pencil for his hair.

She was in the middle of drawing his bangs when her wrist suddenly moved, causing an unwanted line.

El frowned and crumpled the piece of paper, tossing it to the side and grabbing a clean sheet.

She began making a tan oval again, and thankfully was successful with his hair. But she noticed it wasn't as pretty as his fluffy thick hair so she crumpled up that too, proceeding to get another paper.

She kept on throwing out the papers. It was either the eyes were too small or the nose was too pointy or the lips were too big or his neck

was too fat.

She groaned in frustration. None of her papers replicated how pretty Mike is.

"Eleven," Will raised his eyebrow, "what did I just say."

El sighed, "I know... I just- he's perfect to me and... I want to be perfect for him too."

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head, "He thinks your perfect too."

El gasped and her eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Really. He won't shut up about you. It's annoying sometimes," Will joked, and El giggled.

"Just draw freely, El," Will patted the back of her hand comfortingly.

El nodded.

"Okay."

El happily skipped up to Mike's porch, her messenger bag swaying with drawings filled inside.

Before she touched the door Mike opened it in a flash.

El gasped and jumped into his arms, smiling that smile that felt like it went up to her eyes.

Mike chuckled and hugged her back, burying his face in her curls, surrounded by her scent.

"Hey... I missed you," Mike kissed the top of her head while she was still buried in his chest.

"Missed you too," El sighed dreamingly.

El pulled from his embrace and followed him into the basement.

"I want to show you something!" El exclaimed.

Mike was intrigued. "What is it?" Mike asked as he lifted his arm out, inviting El to cuddle against him.

El giggled and sat next to him, Mike putting an arm around her as she leaned her head on his shoulder.

El pulled out the stack of papers from her bag, setting them on her lap.

"I made them for you!" El giddily said, handing Mike the first one.

Mike swore his heart stopped beating. Or got super fast. It felt like both, that's not possible, but it did.

Mike blushed as he stared at the drawing in his hands, it was of him, El drew *him*.

"I love it El, I really do," Mike felt like he fell more in love with this girl every second.

El handed Mike the 2nd one and he got red again, smiling like a big ol' dork, feeling like his insides were melting.

It was of him and El holding hands, with a god-like number of hearts around them. He knew he was going to cherish these drawings forever. She was so *adorable* and he can barley take it.

Later, Mike's walls were covered in those drawings, even the wrinkled mess-up drawings Will showed him.

10. Promise

Mike put the ring on El's finger before caressing her hand with his thumbs, feeling the soft skin mixed with his dry hands.

Mike watched the skin move rhythmically with the movement of his thumb, smiling down towards it, too flushed to make eye contact with the beautiful girl in front of him.

He enjoyed the look of the ring on her finger, knowing that it marked her his.

"Mike?" His name came out like a whisper of wind, making his ears perk up to the glorious sound.

"It's a promise ring El," Mike grinned, playing with the pinkish jewelry, feeling where it indented the word 'promise.'

"It's temporary until I get you a wedding ring when we're older. It just means I'm yours and you are mine," Mike explained with a red face, his eye lashes fluttering.

El giggled as she wrote the planning for their wedding in pretty pink ink, in a journal she's had for years.

She bit the end of the pen as she examined what she wrote down. She noticed she didn't write how the cake is supposed to be half vanilla half chocolate.

She shook her head and laughed at the memory of her and Mike arguing over which flavor the cake would be. They decided half and half, since they wanted their partner to be happy.

Seeing each other happy is more important than some dumb cake anyways.

El played with the promise ring Mike just gave to her, smiling so wide she swore she never smiled that big before.

"I'm yours..." El said pointing to herself, "and you're mine..." El brought her finger to point at Mike. She giggled and blushed knowing she got to call Mike her own.

Mike sighed dreamily at the girl, she was being too adorable to handle.

El twirled in her wedding dress and giggled. It wasn't fancy at all, it looked more like a casual white dress, but El loved it, and Mike loves it that way too.

She let her hair fall from her ponytail, lathering her curls with hairspray and gel to keep it in place.

She walked into the other room and looked out the window. It was everything she and Mike wanted. The cake, the decorations, even the silverware.

It's perfect.

She couldn't wait for Mike to see her, and made sure to fix every last speck of make up.

It was a perfect day, she needed to look perfect.

"Mike?" El said, pricking at Mike's shirt as they lay down in El's bed, doing nothing in particular.

"Yeah?" Mike questioned, still staring up at the ceiling, his arm around El to keep her close.

"What does our future look like?" El asked, a grin on her face as she kept moving her hands along his shirt.

"Well..." Mike started, turning over so he could face El, "You would be in it, I can't imagine a future without you," Mike smiled, poking her nose which made El giggle.

"And... we'd have a house- or probably a townhouse, somewhere out of Hawkins but not too far away," Mike started to twirl El's hair and El leaned her head against his palm with pink cheeks and an adorable smile.

"Kids," El said, staring at Mike's dark pools.

"What?" Mike couldn't believe his ears.

"Kids, I want our own child," El grinned, "two of them."

Mike chuckled and wrapped his arm around her waist, bringing her closer to his body.

Mike stares at her with an amused look on his face, "yeah? And what would they look like?"

El thought for a moment before reaching her hands out to touch Mike's cheeks, "freckles," El smiled, the soft grazing of her fingertips making Mike insane.

"Black hair," El giggled as she ruffled Mike's hair, he looked funny.

"The first child would be a girl, she would wear pretty pink dresses," El continued, "the second would be a boy. I want him to look exactly like you."

Mike snorted, "Even my nose?"

El giggled, "Even your nose." She stated proudly.

"I feel bad for the kid then!" Mike laughed, but in all honesty, he was glad El could see him in her future too.

El checked herself in the mirror, putting on some earrings before really looking at herself.

She looked pretty.

El smiled to herself, she knew Mike would like it too. She even put on some nice clothes underneath.

She thought it was stupid that it was "bad luck to see the groom before the wedding," because she could hardly contain herself from seeing him. She bet he looked so handsome right now, probably standing there adorably.

"What else?" El asked, cuddling into his chest.

"About our future?" Mike questioned.

El nodded.

"We'd both have well paying jobs and we'd come home to a kiss and play with our children. We would probably name our little girl Sarah, I feel like that fits. And for the boy we'd probably name him Ben, short for Benny. We'd share a room and sleep in the same bed so I can wake up to your beautiful face every morning. We'd have eggos for breakfast and I'll probably be the one doing the cooking. We'd teach our kids sports and how to swim, just like how I'm teaching you now," Mike exclaimed, before

his eyebrows flew up to his scalp realizing what he had said. He's obviously been thinking about this a lot.

He looked down to El sniffing into his chest, and his heart stopped.

"No no no, jeez I'm sorry El I didn't mean to-"

"Mike."

"Y-yeah?"

"Me too."

"Me too... what?"

"That's the life I want with you."

El took a deep breath and walked outside, her friends giving her thumbs up and Dustin eating the cake.

She closed her eyes and everything seemed to fade out before she opened them again, breathing heavily of both anxiety and excitement.

And there he was, he was smiling at her with twinkling eyes, seen clearly with the dark atmosphere.

She smiled down at the promise ring one more time before latching both of her hands with Mike's.

"You look beautiful angel," Mike whispered closely to her ear, and she looked down and blushed.

"And you look adorably handsome," El smiled, ruffling his black hair before fixing the strands right after.

Their rings bumped as they held hands, signifying how close their promise was.

El gulped, she could feel the tears starting to prick her eyes, and she shook her head.

El knew this would be hard, but she thought she could make it through.

That was, until she started sobbing.

"M-Mike," the whisper was broken, burying her face into his chest.

"Sh sh shhh, it's okay El, it's okay," Mike pet her hair as he gave a gentle kiss to her forehead.

"Don't cry," Mike continued to mumble comforting words in her ear, but nothing seemed to help the hiccups in her voice. It utterly destroyed him.

"It's not okay! Why did it have to be like *this*? Why couldn't we have a normal wedding, with our family and friends cheering us on," El continued to cry, but now she was making eye contact with Mike.

"Why couldn't you actually be here?"

"El..." Mike sighed, his own tears starting to fall down his freckled cheeks, "I'm so sorry." He held her close, burying his head in her curls. He couldn't smell them, like he always did. He couldn't do that anymore. He could barley feel them, her hair feeling like a cloud.

Mike smiled down at her, running his hands through her chestnut hair, as El cuddled against him smiling.

They're laughing, smiling as El feels safe with his touch.

El doesn't feel the same. His touch is no longer the touch that sent sparks. Instead, it was dry, desperate.

Mike smiled as El twirled around in her 2nd Snowball dress.

"I got you!" Mike growled jokingly, as he lifted El up into the air. El could barley breathe, she was laughing so much.

"Put me down! Mike!" El giggled, trying to untangle herself from his arms.

"Never!" Mike fired, planting sloppy kisses all over El's face, as El tries to move away, challenging him in this game they were playing.

Mike's kisses felt like air on El's forehead, instead of lips, it felt like she was outside on a breezy day.

"El... you're tiring yourself out. You have to go back," Mike worried, tilting her chin up to make contact.

Her eyes lacked the warmth they once had.

"When we get older, I'll wake up to these beautiful eyes everyday," Mike grinned, staring at her before placing a long, soft kiss on her lips, letting it linger there.

Mike rolled on top of her, smiling as he took in her face.

El reached her hands up to touch his cheeks, mesmerized on how she got so lucky.

"I'll wake up to these beautiful dots of yours," El giggled, poking his freckles. Her giggle was contagious and he laughed too, but once they started, they couldn't stop.

"I'm not going back without you," El cried, gripping his suit tightly.
"You know that's not possible," Mike sighed, running his thumb over her cheek.

"Maybe I should just kill my self. Then I'll be with you."

Mike felt like his world stopped when she said that. "

El, no. You still have so much to live for. You will be with your friends, your family, everyone would be devastated. I want you to be happy, El, you have to move on. And if you can't live for yourself..."
Mike touched his forehead with hers.

"Then live for me."

El didn't have a response, she just continued to hiccup her sobs.
"It doesn't matter what I do if your not in it," El said so softly he barley heard it.

She noticed Mike was starting to turn into dust, and her heart started to beat rapidly.

"No no, not yet Mike please!" El gasped, trying to make it stop.

He said "I love you," before he was gone.

El choked on her cries, screaming and running around in the black area.

"Mike?" She screeched, "Mike!"

She fell to her knees, feeling empty. Her heart had no purpose anymore.

"I need you..." she whispered before she got back to the real world.

She tugged her blindfold off and proceeded to kick and destroy almost everything in the room.

She fell into the corner, hiding her face into her knees as she cried.

"You promise you will be in my future Mike?" El asked, playing with the promise ring.

"Promise," he smiled.

11. Confusing Feeling

El groggily stood up from the couch to walk toward the television. She still had a blanket wrapped around her body and her hair was a complete mess; and she probably needs to take a shower.

If you looked at her from far away you'd probably think she was a goblin.

She switched the channels until she found a soap that looked interesting, and slumped back over to the couch.

Oh what hard work it is to walk to the television from the couch.

It was a normal, cheesy soap, and with El's better understanding of words, she could mostly tell what was actually happening in the episodes.

"Hey kid, I made you some eggos before I have to go," Hopper said, handing her the plate of waffles on the coffee table in front of her.

"Thank you," El smiled, her face lit up as she looked at the delicious eggos.

"Don't mention it," Hopper rubbed his hand through El's hair which made her giggle.

"I best be going to work now. Remember, don't be stupid. If you get lonely, you can invite your friends over, but if you invite Mike, do not be alone with him, invite Max or someone to be there too," He stated.

El rolled her eyes, she hears those words everyday. And *maybe* she broke the Mike rule once or twice. *Maybe* it was more than that.

"Yes," El responded. Hopper nodded his head and left the cabin.

She'll notice the sticky note on the freezer Hopper left that says "take a shower you smell awful," later when she gets up for more Eggos.

El's attention focused back on the screen as she began munching on the plain eggos.

Mike introduced syrup to her before but she stuck with plain. It reminded her of the first time she met Mike. But also just because she doesn't like the sticky stuff on her fingers.

'I love you, forever and always.'

'I love you too.'

El smiles hearing those words from the screen.

"Me and Mike," she states.

She always has the tendency to speak her thoughts out loud while watching television, it started when Hopper took her in for the first time.

'Maybe you can show me how much you love me'

El furrows her eyebrows. She doesn't know what the women meant by that.

Does she want him to tell her in detail why he loves her? Does she mean by kissing?

Kissing, El thinks again.

El blushes at the thought of Mike's lips on hers, how soft they would feel and how it would always make her heart feel like it was on fire or exploding fireworks.

El thought she was correct when the man and women started kissing. She congratulated herself mentally for being right.

But she quickly got confused again when their kissing turned into something a bit more. The man's tongue looked like it was... in her mouth? And they looked like they were eating each other's faces, with big open mouth kisses.

Their hands were roaming all over their partner's bodies, and El could tell that they were both enjoying it.

El's face turned red. Sure, her and Mike have kissed, but nothing like that. She also didn't know why she felt guilty watching the scene.

El's fingers tapped lightly on her stomach, fully intrigued by the scene. She didn't even realize she started to reenact the man's movements.

She softly grazed her finger tips on her thighs, observing how it got more sensitive the higher it went. She was feeling excited, not really understanding why.

She couldn't help but to think if Mike's hands replaced hers.

The man on the television started to lift his hand higher to the women's breasts. El widened her eyes. *Why would he touch her there?*

But nevertheless, she slowly lifted her hand and grazed over to her chest.

She started to rub her thumb over the middle, and a little sound, barely audible, left her lips. It felt nice, and her thoughts roamed to Mike. The man on the television never broke the kiss with the women, and El wanted to do that with Mike.

"Why doesn't me and Mike kiss like that? It seems nice," El thought.

The clothes came off the couple, and El blushed, suddenly feeling insecure of her own body.

"Will Mike like my body?"

"Would he want something more like her?"

El bit her lip and covered her red filled face with a pillow when her thoughts went to what would Mike look like with his clothes off.

She turned off the television with her mind. Some type of burning was getting intense in her lower body. She didn't know what it was. She didn't feel uncomfortable exactly, but it definitely made her want. Want what? She can't figure out, but all she does know is she wants Mike here.

'Knock knock knock'

El jumps up from the couch and runs to the door with a bright smile on her face. She opens all the locks on the door and opens it as fast as lightening, her heart skipping a beat when she saw Mike's face.

"He-" Mike got cut off with a big hug from El. Mike smiled as she squeezed him tight, and he hugged back.

El snuggled her face into Mike's chest.

"I missed you," she smiled, even though she saw him yesterday.
"I missed you too El," Mike kissed her head, and El giggled and blushed.

El left his embrace and took his hand into hers.

"I want to show you something," El said, leading him into the house.

"Sure, what is it?" Mike asked, as he sat down on the couch.

"A show," El responded, turning the channel and sitting down on the couch with Mike.

She immediately snuggled up with him, making Mike's face turn red. She latched onto his arm and snuggled her cheek into his neck.

Mike smiled at her love for soaps. Sure, he didn't exactly like them himself, but he always enjoyed seeing El's reactions and snuggling up with her. It was more interesting to watch than any movie or tv show he's seen.

El was biting her lip, knowing the scene that came soon. But she was getting impatient.

"Mike?"

"Yes El?"

El blushed and looked down for a bit. She fumbled with the end of her plain blue shirt before taking it off over her head.

Mike's eyes widened, no words could explain how shocked he was. His face was as red as it's ever been. She wasn't even wearing a bra.

"El! What are you doing?!" He screeched, immediately feeling guilty with his loud tone.

He tried to cover his eyes but El took them into her soft hands.

"No. Look," El said in more of a demanding voice.

So Mike opened his eyes, breathing heavily. He tried to keep eye contact but his gaze kept trailing back over to her developing curves.

El scooted her way over into Mike's lap, trying to mimic the women's motions she saw before.

She sat in front of him with her hands on his chest, blushing.

"Mike."

Mike gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"I...I love you," El flustered, pressing her lips together tightly.

Mike was going to respond before El connected their lips. This all happened so fast, and Mike was more than confused. He couldn't lie that he wasn't enjoying it... but where did she even learn this from? What was she trying to do?

El moved her mouth against his sloppily, not being experienced. She stuck out her tongue and licked Mike's lips, trying to send the message across.

Mike grabbed her hips and slowly inched her away, his eyes half closed and gasping for air. God, how he wanted to continue, but he needs to do the right thing.

"We-" Mike gasped, "We c-can't."

El frowned and her face flushed.

"I-I just-" El bit her lower lip, not knowing the next words that wanted to come out of her mouth.

She brought her arms to cover her chest, no longer making eye contact with Mike as her gaze dropped down.

"What's going to happen?" Mike asked, staring into her eyes and rubbing her back comfortingly to make sure she knew she did nothing wrong.

When El didn't answer, Mike decided to speak up again, "We... we can't go too far. We shouldn't. We're still so young. This-this is more a thing for adults." Mike lowered his hands to her hips, rubbing his thumbs in circles.

He didn't even know if she knew what he was talking about. He didn't know if she knew what she was doing.

El felt tears pricking her eyes as she felt Mike bring her chin up with his finger.

"Hey," Mike tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, "you did nothing

wrong. Promise. I just don't think we're ready yet. *You're* not ready yet. We still have so much time to do this."

El nodded and grinned despite herself, "could we..." El started but she got red and embarrassed.

"It's okay El," Mike reassured, grinning up at her. He was acting cool on the outside for El, but on the inside he felt like he was going to faint.

El bit her lip, "could we just kiss?" El's eyes twinkled hopefully.

Mike sighed, "I..." Mike's leg bounced up and down as his adam's apple was bobbing, "I don't think that's a good idea."

El frowned, the sadness noticeable in her eyes, "why?"

He swallowed, her bare chest still out in the open, desperately trying to invite him in.

But he wouldn't, for El.

"B-because El-"

"We kiss all the time..." El argued, leaning in closer to his face, bringing her hands up to inspect every detail.

Mike took a deep breath, closing his eyes and curling his hands into fists, trying to regain his control, the soft touch of El's fingers making him insane.

"I k-know El. It's just... th-this is different, you don't understand," Mike gasped, his eyes still closed, knowing if he opened them, the sight of her would make him crazy.

It was already bad enough that the feel of El on his lap as her lower was dangerously close to his crotch already made him have to keep from passing out. His face was so red he swore not even the worse of sunburn could beat it.

"I *want* to understand, Mike." El said, leaning back and staring at him seriously. "It's just a kiss..."

Mike opened his eyes and saw her dark pools, they weren't that dark before.

"El..." he sighed, "I-I can't kiss you. I will lose my control and I don't want to hurt you," Mike told her honestly,

"Lose... control?" El questioned, tilting her head, and Mike thought she looked absolutely adorable.

"Y-yeah. Like I'd get overwhelmed and want to... t-touch you and...stuff," Mike gulped, his heart beating rapidly hoping he didn't scare El off.

"But I *want* you to touch me," El pouted.

Mike was just about to open his mouth before El interrupted.

"I feel... weird," El breathed, looking down at her crotch.

Mike frowned and rubbed her back, "Weird? You feel sick?" Mike comforted her by his touch, "Does anything hurt? You need medicine?"

El inhaled sharply, shifting her hips. "N-no... it's good, it's a good feeling," El bit her lip and grabbed Mike's shirt, "Mike kiss me. Please." El begged, leaning in.

"E-El..." Mike gasped, but before he knew it, her lips were on his.

El said it was a good feeling. Mike knew what she meant.

He was a goner.

El moved her lips in sloppy desperate movements, Mike's hands still on her hips, trying to keep his control.

El is kissing me, without a shirt on.

That thought kept running around in his head, and he had to take a break.

Mike detached his lips from hers and threw his head back, trying to

catch his breath with closed eyes, his cheeks burning. He ran a hand through his hair, trying to keep his mind from buzzing.

"Mike," El pouted, shifting a bit closer, "No."

Mike opened his eyes and furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

"No... what?"

"No stopping. More touching," El huffed, gripping his shoulders tightly.

"E-El..." Mike breathed, having to close his eyes again, "I can't." He barley had any words in his mouth, too flabbergasted by how good this felt, the thought of this even *happening* making him weak.

"M-Mike," El grabbed his hands softly, gently placing them on her chest, "t-touch here. *please*."

Mike groaned, feeling the soft skin he never explored before. He got the courage to open his eyes and he saw Els face, her perfect pink lips parted and her eyelashes fluttering. His hips jerked unconsciously at the sight.

She whined a sound of desperation, and Mike grind his teeth together, doing the smallest of things to try not to lose himself.

Mike used his thumbs to whisper over her stiffened centers, and El gasped.

"M-more," El leaned her forehead against his, her eyes closed and Mike rubbed in circles along her chest.

Her utter discomfort was not unnoticed by Mike, her hips shifting every few seconds, how her thighs would tighten up then release over and over.

Fuck.

"Make it stop," El whined all of the sudden, and Mike stopped his movements.

"Huh?"

"The feeling... down there," El tried her best to describe it, "Mike make it stop."

"El... we can't," Mike sighed, so out of breath from just the sight.

El whined and buried her head in his neck, "How long?"

"Hmm?"

"How long we have to wait? Until you can touch me?"

Mike rested his head on her shoulder, trying to hide his tomato red face.

"Mike?"

"Y-yeah?"

"I don't want to wait."

El tugged Mike's shirt and whined, her hands grazing lower, making Mike speechless.

Her little fingers reached his belt and she tugged at it, whining when it didn't work. She tugged at it again and still no success.

El whimpered in desperateness and annoyance, tugging his belt over and over.

"Mike..." she pouted, looking up at his face only to realize his eyes were tightly closed and he was taking deep breaths.

"Mike take it off," she whined, trying to figure out how this stupid belt worked, tugging and tugging, "Mike..."

Another strong sensation down there came, causing her to close her eyes and squeeze her thighs together.

Her body was shaking with arousal, and Mike noticed.

She whined and whimpered, tugging wherever she could, his shirt, his pants, his arms, anything.

"Shh it's okay," Mike rubbed her back, trying to stop the sounds of discomfort. He hid his red face in her neck, breathing in her scent.

Her thighs squeezed together again but this time in between his

crotch, making him groan un-expectingly.

El lifted her head and Mike covered his mouth in embarrassment.

El bit her lip and looked down, a shy smirk coming across her lips that made Mike gulp. His head spun as he looked at her pink tinted cheeks and her developing curves.

She thrust her hips a little forwards, a long sigh coming from Mike. He had no intentions of stopping her this time. He wanted this just as bad.

Mike's wobbly hands hesitantly grabbed her hips, and El smiled.

"Keep..." Mike swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing, "Keep doing that."

El took her lower lip between her teeth and positioned herself, the movements of her hips making him insane.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face into his dark hair, quickly going back to her movements.

She did another thrust and she moaned, sinking deeper into his hair. She did it again, widening her eyes at the feeling, and began a steady pace.

She never knew she could feel this way before, and now that she did, she felt as if she never wanted to stop.

Her sweet spot rolled against him and Mike panted against her, his grip on her hips tightening.

"Don't...Don't stop," Mike breathed, biting his tongue to stop all the noises he wanted to make come out.

The movement of El's hips quickly began to be more rapid, the feeling becoming so addicting, moaning straight into Mike's ear which made him shiver.

Her legs were shaking with pleasure and he noticed, so he decided to help her out a bit and moved her hips with his hands.

The room was filled with pants, sweat, and moans and whines in no time.

"E-El... fuck this feels so good," his words came out in barley a whisper.

Holding each other tightly, looking like a pile of limbs, somehow became tighter as the pleasure they were both experiencing increased with each movement.

Something in his body just *reacted* and he bucked his hips up, matching her pace.

El couldn't describe what she was feeling. All she knew was that this felt *amazing* and loved the feeling of being so close to Mike.

El brought her head up to give him a sloppy kiss, her moans vibrating against his lips.

Her whole body was shaking and Mike held her to try to steady her, all while he was desperately trying to not let go before she does.

"M-Mike?" She whined, "w-what's happening t-to me?" She asked worryingly, though the movements of her hips became faster. Whatever was happening she didn't want it to stop.

"Just wait, it's good El," he said.

All of the sudden, her thighs clenched and her jaw became wide open, becoming weak in his arms.

She moaned loudly and collapsed against him, thighs shaking as she rode out the intense outburst of pleasure. She felt better, so much better, and she smiled and snuggled against him.

This caused him to let go himself, throwing his head back and squinting his eyes, the groans in his throat becoming gurgles.

He'd have to wash those pants.

12. Snuggle the Fears Away

The girl was fast asleep in his arms, her warm breath going in and out her nose quietly, the slightest bit of a smile planted on her lips.

Her face was buried in his chest, her curls sticking out, frizzled but yet so soft. He ran his fingers through them, smiling at the girl and placed yet another soft kiss on top of her head for probably the hundredth time.

He felt as if time slowed, feeling her all snuggled up and her breath on his neck. Her hair tickled her chin and her arms wrapped tightly around him, afraid to let go.

He tried not to blink as best he could, not ever wanting to take his eyes off his adorable angel wrapped up in him.

He whispered comforting words in her ear as she slept, to keep her from having another nightmare.

'It's me, Mike, I'm here.'

'You're beautiful, El.'

'I love you so much it hurts.'

Of course, these were all things he could never say when she was awake. He would always chicken out in the moment, too caught up in his rapid heart beat and buzzing head to say anything.

He breathed in her scent as he caressed her back, placing kisses to her head.

"Mmh," El mumbled into his skin.

"Shh, go back to sleep El," Mike whispered sweetly.

He heard another inaudible mumble before he heard heavy, slow breathing, so he assumed she fell asleep again.

Mike smiled like a dork, relaxing his head against the pillow.

He saw El shiver, so he brought the blanket higher and wrapped it around them, Mike blushing on how adorable she looked. She looked

like a burrito.

He kissed her forehead this time, starting to get sleepy himself.

He closed his eyes, his other senses becoming stronger, like feel and smell.

He cuddled closer to her warmth, his eyes getting heavy until eventually, he fell asleep too.

Three hours earlier.

Mike woke up groaning, rubbing his eyes to try to adjust to the darkness.

He rolled over, his clock saying "1:34."
Why did he wake up so early?

It was then when he heard annoyed mumbling down the hallway. It must be what woke him up.

"Why do you need my son at one in the morning?" Karen screeched over the phone.

"It's important, okay?!" Hopper argued, pinching his forehead.

"Just... give him the phone."

Karen rolled her eyes and mumbled something under her breath.

Mike came running down the stairs when he realized she was talking to Hopper. She could've gotten away! What if she was taken? What if she's hurt? Is she okay? Is she-

His thoughts made him start to have a panic attack, his leg bouncing and his breathing rapid, tears welling up in his eyes, preparing for bad news.

"W-what is it?" Mike's voice shook.

"It's the chief, I don't know what he wants from you," Karen rolled her eyes and handed him the phone before slumping back upstairs.

"Hi! Hello?! Is everything okay?!" Mike panicked, running a hand

through his hair, his heart beating out of his chest.

"She's... she's crying. In her sleep, I-I think? She's saying your name... just, please come over here," Mike heard Hopper sniffle. He always softened up because of El.

Mike thought everything stopped, his heart skipping a beat and his eyes widened, "I-I'll be over there as soon as I can."

Mike didn't bother clicking the phone back to the wall, running outside in his pajamas, no shoes, just socks. He doesn't care if he gets in trouble later, all he cares about is El.

He got his bike up and started to peddle away, already sweating by how fast he was going.

He arrived at the cabin, knocking loudly on the door over and over until Hopper opened it. No words needed to be exchanged. They both knew El is what mattered right now.

Mike ran to her bedroom door hearing pained cries. He opened the door and immediately kneeled next to the bed and took her hand in his.

"M-Mike! Mike!" El cried, jerking and sweating.

"Shhh El I'm right here, I'm right here," Mike whispered into her ear. "It's okay. I'm here. Come on El wake up."

He watched painfully as the tears rolled down her cheek.

He turned to Hopper, "w-what's happening?"

Hopper sighed, frowning, "Sleep paralysis? Nightmare? A mix of both it seems."

Mike held back tears as the girl continued to scream his name, and Mike wish he knew how to make this stop.

"N-No not Mike! I need him," El cried, and Mike blushed despite himself.

Mike whispered loving words and caressed the skin on her hand before she woke with a loud gasp.

"El!" Mike cried, wrapping her in a tight hug.

"M-Mike...?" El sniffles, burying her head in his chest as she sobbed.

"Shh It's okay. I'm here. It's okay, I promise," Mike spoke, petting her hair and holding her tight.

"Y-you were- I couldn't-" El tried to explain but she broke down again.

"Don't. Don't think about it," Mike kissed her forehead.

Hopper walked over, kneeling next to Mike.

"Hey sweetie," Hopper said to El, and El hugged him too.

Hopper and Mike frowned at each other, the girl they both loved so much in pain too hard to handle.

Els cries turned into soft sniffles, wiping her eyes.

"Mi-key..." El pointed to Mike, "Mikey stays."

Mike frowned, "I'd love to bu-"

"He will stay," Hopper interrupted, and Mike widened his eyes in shock.

"W-wait, really?"

"Yes. She needs you," Hopper stated, and Mike nodded his head, happily accepting his orders. Hopper left the room, sighing.

El wrapped her arms around Mike's neck, burying herself in the crook.

"Mikey," she sighed, a slight grin of relief on her face that he isn't hurt.

"Hey..." Mike sweetly whispered, rubbing her back, "you doing better now, angel?"

Mike felt her nod. He climbed into bed with her, and El cuddled up against him.

"Don't go..." El mumbled against his chest.

"I won't go anywhere," Mike smiled.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Back to present.

El woke up, the sunlight creeping through the windows. She smiled, feeling all nice and cozy, remembering she's in Mike's arms.

"I love you too Mike."

13. Juliet and Bella

"I don't know what you're talking about Will. Those two girls are *hot!*" Dustin exclaimed, and Will rolled his eyes.

He'll find out the truth sooner or later, on why Will doesn't find them attractive.

"How shoot you actually go up and *talk* to one of them instead of sitting here fangirling about them," Lucas groaned, leaning back against his locker.

"No way! You know what happened at the snowball!" Dustin argued.

Lucas was about to fight with him before he saw a particular couple down the hall.

"Here comes the lovebirds," Lucas teased and rolled his eyes.

Mike and Eleven were holding hands, their arms swinging back and forth as they laughed about something, Mike whispering into her ear more funny things that she laughs so hard she can barley breathe.

Mike's smiling as big as his lips allow, and El is blushing pink, trying to hide her face from Mike.

"Can you guys stop being cute for like... five seconds?" Dustin chuckled, and he saw their faces go red.

"Anyways... now that you're here Mike," Dustin began.

"No, don't do it," Lucas warned.

"You totally agree that those two girls over there are like, so hot right?" Dustin ended, and Lucas face-palmed himself.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows, "No." He responded quickly.

"You didn't even look!" Dustin threw his hands up.

"I don't need to look, cause the cutest is holding my hand right now," he smiled, making eye contact with El and leaning down to kiss her cheek lightly.

El blushed and looked away, smiling and giggling, squeezing his hand tighter.

"Gross," Lucas groaned.

"Okay, but could you at least *look*?" Dustin fought.

Mike rolled his eyes. He knew he wasn't getting out of this one.

He glanced their way and turned back to Dustin and shrugged.

"I don't see it," Mike spoke truthfully. He only had eyes for El, the most beautiful angel in the school- wait no, scratch that- the world.

"Whatever man, you guys are crazy." Dustin closed his locker and they walked off to their next class.

The two girls were giggling by their lockers, holding all pink school supplies.

"I know right?" The girl named Juliet spoke, "Mike turned into such a hottie."

"Yeah, I need a glow up like his!" The 2nd girl, Bella joked, and Juliet giggled.

"Too bad he's dating that asswipe," Juliet rolled her eyes, referring to El.

Bella groaned, "I know right! Like she can barley even talk. He's like, dating a five year old.

"You should tootally date him," Juliet smirked.

"How? He's kinda taken..." Bella grunted.

Juliet winked, "we'll just have to show him that Jane girl is a loser."

The teacher was talking about quadratic equations as Juliet and Bella started their plan.

Juliet copied El's handwriting from a paper she stole out of her binder, writing a letter to Mike that was supposed to look like it was from El.

Once she was done, Juliet nodded, proud of herself.

"Mike, I hate you. I never loved you, I want to break up. I hate everything about you," -Jane.

The two girls laughed evilly before sending the letter to the back of the class where Mike sat.

"El told me to give you this," a boy named James in front of Mike spoke, handing him the letter.

Mike smiled and blushed, looking up at El from across the room. They would always pass notes in class.

El caught Mike's eye and smiled back. Mike stared at her dreamily, resting his head on his palm, her adorable little smile as she looked at him making his heart flutter.

He got caught up in the moment before he remembered the letter, smiling in excitement as he opened it.

But as he read it, his face fell.

He noticed the "From: Jane," in the corner, furrowing his eyebrows. She would always write "El" with many red hearts around it and smiley faces and other various adorable doodles.

Whoever wrote this letter, wasn't her.

He crumpled up the paper, boiling with anger. Who would do this? He curled his hands into fists. He'll find out sooner or later.

When that didn't work, Juliet and Bella moved onto plan B.

When it turned lunch, El was walking with her lunch tray.

Juliet and Bella sneaked up behind her, and tripped her into the trash can. They wanted Mike to notice how ugly she truly was.

El immediately got out of the trash can, covered in various foods and liquids.

Just then, Mike walked into the lunch room, and he dropped his lunch tray when he saw her.

"Baby!" Mike frowned, running up to her.

El cried, wanting to be in his arms but she was covered in stuff.

"Hey, hey, its okay. What happened angel?" Mike frowned, cupping her face into his hands and wiping the tears off her cheeks.

"T-these girls... they tripped me into the trash," El whimpered.

Mike's jaw clenched, who the *fuck* did that to *his* angel?

"Do you know who they were?" Mike asked, ready to beat a bitch.

"No, t-they came up behind me, I didn't see them."

Mike sighed. He *would* get to the bottom of this.

"Come on princess," grabbing onto her hands, he kissed her sweetly on the top of her hand, "let's get you cleaned up."

El nodded and glanced around, noticing that everyone was looking. She blushed out of embarrassment, but Mike didn't seem to care, so she wouldn't either.

Juliet and Bella were annoyed, to say the least.

How long will it take before he realizes he's way better than her?

The next day, they rolled their eyes at the couple making out in the corner of the school, where no one barley went.

El's arms were wrapped around Mike's neck, as Mike's were holding her waist, pulling her close. They both were smiling into the kisses, blushing madly.

Mike's lips went to her neck, kissing lightly, and El giggled. He nibbled on her ear and the area right below, making her gasp.

Mike whispered "I love you, beautiful," against her skin, and she smiled.

They got back to their lips now, El's hands how in Mike's hair, too in the moment to realize two girls were watching them.

"Ahem," Bella coughed and smirked, and the couple jerked back, blushing. They thought they hid pretty well...

"Could I have a turn?" Bella laughed, then pointed to El, "I'm probably a much better kisser than *her*."

Mike's face turned red in anger. He immediately knew it was *them* who did all this shit.

He didn't say a word, instead instantly punching her in the face.

"Fuck you!" Mike screeched, and he saw Juliet run away. *Wow what a good friend.*

"You're crazy!" Bella screamed before Mike punched her again and grabbed her shirt.

"Stop." And that was it. That's all he needed to say. It was intimidating enough.

El's eyes widened, shocked but yet satisfied that Bella got hurt.

Bella ran.

Mike leaned over to El, "I love you, and only you."
El smiled, "me too."

"Behind the bleachers?"

14. Marking Territory

El had textbooks and papers spread all over the floor, colorful pencils and pens unorganized on the coffee table. She always liked to make her work colorful, with doodles all over the sides.

She had a big fluffy blanket spread across her lap, making sure to be nice and cozy when doing homework.

Well, *all* her work was technically homework; Hopper teaches her since she cannot go to public school yet.

Her work right now was to watch this documentary about animals and write down their traits next to their name.

So far she has done dogs, which she found adorable, and when she asked Hopper if they could get one, he said *"Absolutely not. Plus, Mike gives you all the attention you need anyways,"* and El blushed and giggled at that.

She's also done snakes, which she found kinda scary, reminding her of upside down vines.

And lastly, she's done bears, which were fluffy but so big, so she didn't bother asking Hopper if they could get one.

Now, she's staring at the screen smiling, as many pictures and videos of cats came across, the narrator explaining how they work.

"Unlike wolves, who use their urine to mark their territory, cats rub their cheeks over things, leaving their scent on it."

El tilted her head. *'Marking their territory?'*

"When cats do this, they are claiming that something as theirs, wether it be another cat or furniture."

El smiled. She thought that was cute, how they could just claim someone or something as theirs, just theirs.

El gasped, having an idea. Mike always said they were each other's.

Should she make it official? Make sure no one could steal him away from her?

El glanced up at the clock. "2-1-3" it read, about one hour before Mike would come knocking on the door. He always came over after school.

El paced around, bouncing up and down making the floor creak. She was giggling and twirling, taking glances outside every two seconds, excited for Mike to arrive.

Hopper was out doing his job, so El didn't need to worry about him yelling at her to stop making so much noise.

She took a look outside again, and she gasped and clapped her hands together excitedly, seeing a sweaty Mike pull up with his bike. He always came here as fast as he could.

She burst open the door and sprinted into Mike's arms, making Mike suck in a breath and almost fall down, but he gladly welcomed it.

Mike held her torso tightly, using his palms to rub her back. "Hey angel," he smiled, proceeding to place a gentle kiss on top of her head.

"Hi," El mumbled into his chest, a flush spread across her cheeks. She closed her eyes and leaned against his warmth, melting into him.

"Let's go inside, it's hot out here," Mike suggested, grinning at the adorable girl in his arms. And she was all *his*.

El huffed, not wanting to leave Mike's embrace for one second.

Mike laughed when he tried to walk, but El was still clinging to him.

"Mmmno," El smiled, holding on tight.

Mike rolled his eyes in amusement and chuckled.

"Come on *you*," Mike picked her up and held her thighs up, her legs wrapping around his torso and her arms clinging around his neck.

She giggled as he carried her inside, smiling wide into Mike's neck.

His hair brushed against her and she snuggled into it.

Mike lightly kicked the door open, and laid her across the couch, smiling at her twinkling eyes.

Mike crawled on top of her, and kissed her lovingly on the lips, El's hands in his hair.

Mike broke it apart and buried himself in the crook of her neck, inhaling her scent.

"I missed you," Mike whispered, his face red. Every time he kissed her or even got close to her, it would send a million butterflies to flutter around in his stomach.

"I missed you too," El smiled, even though they saw each other yesterday. Fifteen hours is too long.

"I can't wait until we're older and live together. I can't stand missing you all day," El pouted.

At this, Mike turned into a tomato, a big, goofy grin spreading across his face.

"Y-yeah," he said, smiling at the thought of waking up to her beautiful face every morning. That sounded like heaven.

El brought his head down to kiss him again, this one lasting a bit longer, both smiling into the kiss that their teeth bumped into each other's.

El wiggled her way out from being under Mike, and proceeded to lay her head on his shoulder, latching onto his arm.

She rubbed her cheek on his shoulder, proceeding to her plan from earlier.

Her nose brushed up against the fabric of his shirt repeatedly, her cheeks getting pink as she moved it back and fourth on him.

Mike looked down and chuckled and blushed, staring in awe at her adorableness. He couldn't say a word, his tongue getting twisted as his heart beat rapidly and his leg bounced up and down.

El cupped his face gently, smiling at how red it could get.

Mike leaned into his palm, closing his eyes and grinning, feeling relaxed by the touch of her fingers.

Els heart fluttered on how cute he was, rubbing her thumbs over his freckles before bringing her face up, starting to rub her cheek on his.

El snuggled up against him, giggling and smiling as she rubbed against him like a cat, marking him as hers. And only *hers*.

Mike grabbed her hips as he laughed, the feeling tickling him a bit. He pulled her closer.

"E-El," he laughed, Els cheek now going to his other one, "whatcha doing?"

El didn't answer, too caught up in the feel of being close, their red cheeks meeting over and over.

El moved down to his chest, snuggling her face into it, one of her favorite places to be.

She clinged onto his shirt, holding the fabric tightly in her hands. She rested her forehead on his form chest and sighed, feeling so at home. Because Mike *is* her home.

She stopped, now just resting against him.

Mike stared down at her dreamily, running his hand through her curls.

"Mmm," she mumbled against him, feeling like she was in bliss, everything didn't matter but Mike.

Mike chuckled and kissed the top of her head before bringing her chin up with his finger.

"What was that?" Mike asked, curious though, he didn't mind it one bit.

"Marking territory," El responded with a smile, "You're mine."

Mike snorted, "What?"

"Cats rub their cheeks on something to claim it as theirs, you're mine," El simply said, her eyes twinkling.

Mike kissed her quickly, too overwhelmed by her cuteness.

"We're not cats El," he chuckled, "I liked it though..." he admitted with a shy grin.

El nodded, "me too," she giggled, snuggling under his arm.

Let's just say that Hopper came home to see some weird ass thing they were doing on the couch.

15. Wisdom Teeth

Based on an experience my sister had.

June 22nd, 1985, is when El Hopper got her wisdom teeth pulled out.

She was pretty scared at first, she was crying and screaming, the dentists reminding her of the lab, all the tools surrounding her.

But once they got the laughing gas on, she passed out. And when she woke up, she felt like she forgot everything about the world.

As Hopper was driving her home, he got a call from an old women about two cats stuck in a tree, so she dropped her off at the house and called up Mike to take care of her while he was gone.

He would've asked an adult, but El couldn't be alone for one second and he knew the wheeler boy came as fast as he could, always tiring himself out that when he arrived he would be a panting mess.

Plus, he knew El would be scared with an adult she barley knew, especially on the laughing gas.

Mike would make her happy, and Mike is always so protective of her. Hopper knew she was in good hands.

Sure, he didn't like the idea of them being alone together, but Wheeler is a good kid. He's grown to realize that.

Mike arrived, Hopper giving him some instructions, giving him Advil and tooth pads, before leaving.

Mike carried the things into El's bedroom where she slept, the cotten in her mouth needing to be replaced and her drool spilling all over the pillow.

Gross, but yet adorable to Mike. To him, he didn't find it gross.

He chuckled, setting the stuff down on the nightstand and bending down to take the padding out of her mouth.

He disposed it, and replaced it with a new one. He then got a towel from the bathroom to wipe the saliva off her cheek and the pillowcase.

Once he was done, he stared at her face, her mouth wide open as she slept, and he bent down to place a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Mike walked to the other side of the bed and crawled under the covers with her, resting his chin on top of her head and wrapping his arms around her torso.

He played with her curls, smiling down at her dreamily. She looked so tired, and so *cute*.

He heard a muffled whine coming from her parted lips, and her glossy eyes looked up at him.

"Hi," Mike chuckled, giving her a quick peck on the cheek, "how are you feeling?"

"Ehhh goood..." El slurred, her words barely heard by the cotton in her mouth.

"That's good. Do you want Advil?" Mike asked, rubbing her back.

El didn't respond, her fingers pressing up against her lips, not feeling a thing due to the numb medicine they gave her.

"W...Where did my lips go?" El questioned, still poking the same spot.

Mike snorted. "They're there, El. You just can't feel them," Mike explained, giving her a confident grin.

He gently pulled her fingers away to stop touching it, not knowing if that was allowed or not.

"Mmmmm," El mumbled, "Mmmike?"

"Yes?" He blushed as her fingers met his face.

"Miike?"

"Yeeesss?" He questioned, mocking her.

"I love yooou," El giggled cutely, "forevrrrahhh"

Mike chuckled and turned red; even if she was high on laughing gas, those three words still made his heart flutter.

"I love you too," Mike smiled, rubbing her back.

"N-not for-forever?" El pouted, tears welling up in her eyes.

Mike widened his eyes, "What?! O-of course I'll love you forever-"

"Yay!" El squeaked, clapping her hands together.

Mike rolled his eyes, his heart overwhelmed by this girl's adorableness.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Mike?"

"Yes?"

"Hmmm," El said, rubbing her thumbs over his freckles, "you preeetty."

Mike was about to open his mouth before El interrupted.

"I can't wait until we get maaaarried," El smiled, snuggling into his chest, "I want babweys."

Mike almost died, he swore.

He choked on his spit, patting his chest to stop coughing.

"W-what?!" Mike asked with a red face and a goofy grin.

"I don't really wanna wait though," El frowned, "Miiike?"

"Yes?"

"Mwike?"

"Yes?"

"Lets have a bwaby. Right nowww," El said.

If Mike didn't die before, he definitely did now.

"No!" Mike screeched, regretting his loud tone, "id love to have a baby with you just not now."

El didn't seem to pay attention to anything he's said, which was to be expected.

She mumbled inaudible words into his chest, snuggling into him further, and further, until he could barley breathe.

It didn't bother him though, and he started playing with her hair again, until Hopper came back home. It was only a short job.

Mike rushes out of the bed, for when Hopper came in the room he wouldn't yell at him.

Until he felt a soft hand grab his wrist, and he looked back over to see El frowning with tears in her eyes.

"Mike?" She whined, "Mikey come back."

Hopper walked in the room before Mike could respond, and he observed the scene before nodding his head.

"You did good kid," Hopper smiled, giving him a pat on the shoulder.

He walked over to El and asked if she was okay, she said yes, and he thought the laughing gas wore off by now.

"T-thanks?" Mike said, weirded out. He wasn't used to Hopper giving him compliments. It was mostly threats to kill him if he did anything to El.

"Let's get you home, I'll give you a ride since it's raining and you don't have a jacket."

Mike smiled, "alright."

As they walked out of the room, they heard loud footsteps coming up behind them, before Mike felt a pair of arms wrap around his torso.

"No!" El tugged his shirt, "No no no!"

Mike turned back from her loud voice, and his heart sunk when he saw tears roll down her cute little cheeks.

"Don't leave me," El sobbed, "I need you. They can't take you away they can't!"

Mike realized she thought he was leaving forever, that bad people were taking him.

"No no no El I just have to leave-"

"No!" She cried, "I can't live without you," she choked on her sobs, not letting go of his shirt.

Hopper rolled his eyes and tried to get El's hands off of him.

El threw him against the wall with her mind.

"You can't take Mike away," she whispered and sunk to her knees, sobbing.

Mike immediately kneeled next to her, smiling, cupping her face.

He looked at Hopper who was still rubbing his head in pain, and his eyes said that he could stay.

"I'm not leaving," Mike grinned, wanting to almost chuckle at the situation.

"T-they," she hiccuped, "t-tried t-t-to take y-you," another hiccup, "aw-away from m-me," she sniffled, her tears staining Mike's shirt.

"No El, they didn't. I'm here, I'm here. I promise I won't leave," Mike gave her a gentle kiss on the forehead, making Hopper roll his eyes.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

When El woke up the next morning, Mike told her everything, and she, was *embarrassed*.

16. The 353rd Day

Trigger Warnings like Death and Suicide.

She sighed, her breath catching in her throat like a passageway closed. She rubbed her arms with the soft skin of her palms, trying to make her goosebumps, that always reminded her of bubble wrap, go away. Her fingertips were ice cold compared to the heat in her head, sweat dripping down her forehead like it was a shower head.

She felt a passing of nausea and gagged in her throat, before leaning against the bathtub and shaking. Her limbs shook like there was an earthquake inside her body, potentially getting stronger. She took deep breaths, in through her nose, out with her mouth. Her dry lips parted to let the air out, but no air left her chest, causing her to gasp and choke on the oxygen surrounding her.

Her eyes closed as she leaned her head against the bath, turning the water on, her hands trembling as she turned the lever. Ice cold, she wanted it. She needed to feel *something*.

As the water reached its brim, she stepped into the freezing liquid, sighing at the feel. She could barely feel it, the brokenness in her heart overwhelming her senses.

Her eyes no longer had the warmth they once did, her bright, hazel eyes that always shined with admiration, now was dark as the earth's deepest ground, like she was no longer living.

Her arms and legs, always so smooth and soft, were now filled with perfect red lines, blood oozing out and dripping onto the floor boards.

Her lips, the lips Mike would love to kiss, as if there was an electric push or their hearts knitted them together, were no longer pink and soft, but now dry and flaking at the ends.

Her hair, which she always used to love to brush in the morning, smiling and giggling at her reflection the mirror; was now no longer tamed, not touched, not even by Mike's fingers.

Her stomach, which would always be filled with delicious Eggos, and flutter with Mike's touch, was now sucked in, boney and skinny, food almost never being devoured.

She couldn't feel the tears running down her numb cheeks as she fully engaged with the water, hugging her knees and burying her head into the crook of her arm. She hugged herself so tight it was like her own body tried to comfort her, having a brain of its own. When she squeezed her eyes shut, allowing the tears to flow, she only felt a sharp pain in her head. She used her nails to slowly drag down her face, digging hard into her skin creating white lines where her fingernails traced.

"Mike," El whispered into her hand, her breathing getting more rapid. "Mike!" She exclaimed her voice, leaning back to rest her back against the wall.

"Mike! Mike!" Her screaming like the calls for him she did in the upside down a long time ago. She lifted her fingernails to dig into her eyes, blood vessels threatening to pop. But she didn't go that far, just enough for it to sting and hurt, salty rain drops falling from her tear ducts.

She mumbled inaudible words to herself, rocking back and forth, her eyes wide. Her face plastered no emotion, just a blank canvas, but the blood and the tears till dripped. The water that surrounded her was the color pink, a tint from her thick blood.

"Red and sticky," she whispered, her legs shaking, "It's red and sticky." She choked on a sob, holding in her breath to not allow her to breathe, so maybe she could pass out. Though, she was too scared, and didn't allow herself to do that, her nose inhaling the scent of blood once again.

Flashbacks kept playing in her mind, feeling so real her eyes couldn't see the things around her, but instead horrifying images of deceased flesh and rotten bones.

A gun, being pointed to his head by his own doing, her ears flooding with the sound of gunshot, her body trembling with sadness and hope, all at once.

Today was the 353rd day from being away from Mike, but this time, there was no chance of him coming back.

She knew he did it for her. He did it all for her, to protect her. It was either him or she. Every second of the day, every word he spoke in those last moments, were for her. He took his life;

For her.

"Mike..." she breathed, "Mike Mike," it was a chant, a prayer. Like some light from the sky would shine and suddenly he'd be back, wrapping her in his arms into the warmth of his chest. He would be able to kiss her, hold her, touch her, He'd dance with her, as they would laugh and smile and-

She broke down, her cries as loud as the gunshot in her ears. Tears welling up like a flood, and her breath limiting to none. There was no point to breathe anyways.

Her lip trembled violently and she leaned over to the toilet and vomited the image of Mike's rotten skin too much to handle. Somehow, she liked the feeling, being able to feel something other than the broken pieces of her that she'd never be able to put back together.

She was a puzzle, but the pieces were lost or malfunctioned.

She flushed the toilet, resting her chin against the seat as her head was of great pain, her throat dry, all the water in her body leaving through the eyes.

She tried to stand up, but her knees gave out and she fell down onto the cold floor, so she slowly crawled her way back to her bedroom.

She climbed onto her bed, the comfort of the bed not relaxing her in the slightest. Her skin so pale it seemed to glow in the dark room.

She was slowly dying, and she knew that.

She has been since day one of Mike's death. She could feel it, she could feel that tonight was her night.

The 353rd day, was her turn to die.

She took out the scrapbook Mike and her made, filled with doodles and scribbles from when she was just learning how to write. It was decorated with only their favorite colors, their favorite foods, their favorite places.

Water droplets fell onto it as she opened it, glitter and paper immediately falling out. She stained the pages with blood as she flipped them, her fingerprints left on the pages.

There were photos of them two together, happy. Happy is a diamond in the rough now. She could remember all the photos. All the places they went.

But as she looked at the pictures, she couldn't remember the feeling of that moment. All she felt was the loss, the longing. Like he was an inch away but as she kept running to him, she wouldn't move from her place, the feel of him a ghost to her.

She could remember the sound of their giggles and the how their hair blew in the wind. She could remember the way he looked at her with such heart eyes.

She could remember, but she couldn't feel.

She was already dead, just not physically yet.

She laid back down on her bed. It wasn't supposed to be like this. This was supposed to happen many years later, her and Mike wrinkly and old, both holding each other in the same bed as they shared their last moments together.

But together wasn't a word to her anymore. She forgot it.

She didn't let herself experience anything for the last time. She didn't give one last look to Hopper. She didn't give everyone she loved one last "I love you." She didn't listen to her favorite music, or eat or favorite food, or look outside at the stars.

Instead, she laid there on her bed, closing her eyes, completely ready to pass.

And so she fell asleep, holding the scrapbook in her arms, before she took one, final breath. One final beat of her broken heart.

She didn't wake up in the morning.

Maybe they ended up together, maybe they didn't. No one knows for sure, but they're pretty confident when they feel a breeze of air from indoors, or two stars shining brighter than before, or the feel in their chest they would get.

Even if there is no life after death, maybe if they never had their happy ending, they both never regretted a thing.

Mike was her oxygen, she was his heart.

And as the sun rises and sets every day, it begins a new hope, a new love, a new happy beginning or happy ending.

The two lovers who lost their hearts to each other were now bonded in the same jar of ashes.

"Gone?"

"Yeah, gone."

17. Hickey

Mike walked El home, both smiling at each other the whole way, not being able to stop. Mike had his arm around her as she wore one of his jackets Mike put on her halfway through the walk. He held her close as they stayed silent, simply just admiring and loving each other without words.

As El walked in front of her house, she suddenly felt her arm being pulled, before being turned around and surprised by a deep kiss.

El relaxed and placed her hands on his shoulders as his arms found their way around her waist. It was almost as if he was hugging her as they kissed, teeth bumping awkwardly into each other due to smiling.

"Mike," El mumbled into the kiss, still smiling wide, "I got to go."

Mike finally broke their lips apart and sighed, rubbing her back, "I know, I know. I don't want you to though."

El blushed, "I don't want to either. But Hopper..."

"Yeah..." Mike sighed, "I had fun."

"Me too."

They both blushed and looked away from each other, both smiling like dorks. Mike leaned down to rub their noses together; an eskimo kiss, El remembers from when Mike taught her that word.

Mike cupped her cheeks and stared into her beautiful eyes, "Don't tell him."

El nodded, "I know. I remember."

Mike brushed her hair back, smiling at the love bites he caused. He planted a kiss on one of them, letting his lips linger.

"These stay a secret," he smirked against her skin.

El smiled and nodded, showing she understood.

"I'll see you Sunday?" El finally understood the days of the week now.

Mike nodded, "Yeah, Sunday, 3:00, at the movie theatre." He grabbed one of her hands and kissed the soft skin on top.

El giggled, "Okay."

They both understood that they really needed to get going, so they slowly walked away from each other, holding hands until they were too far apart.

Finally, El got the courage to look away from his attractive face, rubbing her hand over the spot on her neck, admiring it.

She took a deep breath and walked in the door, making sure to hide the spot with her hair.

"Hey," Hopper immediately said as she was taking off her shoes, "Have fun?"

El nodded, "Yes."

"Hopefully not too much fun...?" Hopper raised an eyebrow, though El didn't know what that meant so she tilted her head, so Hopper didn't push the question.

El went immediately to her room, which was odd. But he shrugged it off as teenagers being teenagers.

El flopped stomach first onto her bed, giggling into a pillow while hugging it and kicking her legs up and down.

She tries to stay calm for Mike, so she was letting out all her giggly-ness in private. Her face was red as she dreamily caressed the love marks, causing her to smile and giggle more, feeling the need to cover her face with a pillow.

She jumped up from the bed and skipped into her bathroom, inspecting the marks in the mirror. She didn't know how long she spent looking at them, but it was pretty long for her to forget.

She loved them because Mike put them there, bringing the memories of what happened at his house back. It was like Mike marked her as his, a marking that had his name on it. It happened because of love,

so it got on her neck because of his love, his affection. A reminder that she's his.

She likes having a part of Mike on her.

She could almost feel his lips everywhere, walking back to her bed and closing her eyes as she laid down, a big smile on her face.

She didn't even hear the knock on the door, her daydreams running wild of what happened earlier. His lips on hers, on her face, on her neck, and lower... and *lower*...

But she did hear Hopper's loud "Kid?"

Mike walked back to his house with his hands in his pockets. He dreamily sighed and caressed his lips with his fingers, where he kissed El so many times. They were swollen and red from so many kisses, and that made him smile.

He got so caught up in his daydream that he walked straight into the door of his house.

"Ow..." Mike sighed and rubbed his forehead, before opening the door and immediately running upstairs to his room, ignoring his mom's calls.

He calmly sat on his bed, taking a deep breath, before squealing like a dork.

He laid back, covering his red face with his hands, a big goofy grin on his lips.

He opened his eyes to see the pictures of him and El on his nightstand that he put up a while ago, which made him blush and smile even more.

He laid there for a good ten minutes, just letting his thoughts run wild. But he furrowed his eyebrows when he felt a strange feeling. He shifted his legs to try to make it go away, but as he rolled over and looked down...

Shit.

El jumped when she heard Hopper's voice, reality coming back to her.

"Yes?" El asked through the door.

"Are you okay? You went immediately to your room and then I heard strange noises..." Hopper worried.

El widened her eyes, he heard her squealing. That's embarrassing.

"I'm fine," El responded, before going back to her original laying position, aka her face buried in a pillow.

"Can I come in?" Hopper asked, and El jumped up.

"No!" She screeched. She winced when she noticed how loud her voice was.

"Alright somethings up..." Hopper groaned as he opened the door. But when he came in, he didn't see anything out of the usual.

Until, he got closer.

"Why are you wearing Mike's jacket?" Hopper asked. El mentally face palmed herself for forgetting to give it back to Mike.

"I got cold. He gave it to me. Forgot to give it back," She told the truth, figuring it wasn't that bad.

"Okay... and could you move your hair a bit for me?" Hopper raised an eyebrow, slightly seeing a red marking stick out.

El grabbed her hair, "No, why?"

"Do it or you won't be able to see Mike for a year," He said coldly, and El immediately raised her hair up.

She squinted her eyes, preparing for the worst.

Though, he didn't yell at her.

He chuckled and rolled his eyes, "Teenagers..." He sighed, rubbing his forehead, can't believing his innocent El had Mike's markings all over

her neck.

"You didn't have sex right?" Hopper furrowed his eyebrows, and El shook her head no multiple times.

"Good. You're grounded for a week and I'm going to call Mike's mom to tell her what happened too," Hopper said as he slammed the door behind him.

El widened her eyes. She got grounded, but it was a lot better than she thought it would go.

Mike's breathing got heavier, sweat starting to form on his forehead as he shifted under the covers.

We all know what he was doing.

His thoughts went to what they did that night, being able to touch her soft chest with his hands and mouth, being able to put his markings on her, kissing those glorious pink lips.

He is a young teenager after all.

He also thought what would've happened if they went *farther*. Maybe next time he could slide her underwear down her pale thighs-

He got his hand out of his pants immediately when he heard a knock on the door.

"It's Nancy, I'm coming in whether you like it or not." She was obviously mad. She found out he stole more money out of her piggy bank.

"Wait wait wait!-"

She opened the door and didn't notice anything too out of the usual until she put the puzzle pieces together.

Mike's ridiculously red face, the blanket bunched up in his lap, his stiff potion, the pictures of El laying on his bed, signifying that he was holding them as he was-

Nancy did a dramatic gasp and covered her mouth, blushing furiously before exiting the room without a word.

Mike groaned and pinched his nose. She found out what he was doing. Embarrassing.

I guess they both got caught that night.

18. Passing Notes

El doodled little hearts and smiley faces on a piece of paper, swinging her legs back and forth on her school chair.

She couldn't stop thinking dreamily of the boy sitting just a few rows in front of her, yet she was so perplexed at how focused he was.

She pulled out a fresh sheet, beginning to loosely sketch hearts onto it, giggling at the words she wrote down.

She was finally in school. She couldn't be happier. She got to be with Mike and her friends the whole day, which immediately made the nightmare people called 'school' much better. Her favorite time of the day was definitely lunch. Mike would take her under the bleachers sometimes and they would have lunch there, without the party bothering them or the teasing of their classmates. They would even share quick kisses in their private place, which the party called 'their shell of love.'

But sadly, she only had the thoughts of kissing and talking with him right now, since she learnt that she cannot talk while the teacher is talking. She also learnt that public affection is not very... good to do at school.

So she figured out a way to still communicate with him without talking; writing her words down.

And even though her handwriting was difficult to read and she had some trouble remembering how to spell some words, she moved past that and wrote on the paper carefully, with as much care as she could.

Sometimes she even kissed the paper, when it said something sweet, or when she wrote poems about him and his beautiful face. Today wasn't the exception, because really, this was daily. She let her fingers to their job, and the result was a lovely note that read: "hi Mike! I miss you, and I hope this class ends soon so that we can go to lunch :) -your el "

She tapped James's arm and James sighed. Having to pass notes on and on was exhausting.

James angrily slapped Mike's shoulder with the note, fed up with being in the middle of the lovebirds.

Mike looked back and his eyes lit up as he saw the paper, and immediately took it out of his hands and opened it up.

He smiled and blushed as he finished reading, flipping the paper over to write his own note back.

He smiled like an idiot as he wrote.

"hi el, I miss you too obviously, and I really hope we can get to lunch soon! -mike P.S I love you :)"

His cheeks flushed red as he folded the note, and he heard James sigh loudly as he took the note from Mike's grasp, handing it to the brunette behind him, who was eagerly waiting for a reply.

All the emotions Mike felt for her were conveyed by the simple letter written on the paper, and he hoped that he could get his message across, to let her now he wanted nothing more than to hold her right now.

Surely, he would see that his message did get through, because, by the lovestruck look on El's face, he could tell she was just as in love.

'Good thing I'm not the only one here falling in love,' Mike thought.

Meanwhile, and with no notice of what Mike was thinking, she unfolded the paper carefully. After all, she kept these notes on a drawer in her room, they were too precious to not keep them, her heart fluttering when she read them again each night.

She grabbed her pencil again, and began putting words together in the small paper

"I love you too, could we kiss behind the bleachers today at lunch? ♡
♡" El wrote down, sighing dreamily at the thought of his lips on hers. She blushed so hard she thought she could melt.

She happily poked James shoulder and without even looking back, he

grabbed the paper angrily, throwing it onto Mike's desk.

El frowned that it got a little wrinkled, almost wanting to hurt James, but she wouldn't. After all, no powers at school.

He sighed dreamily, a lovestruck look taking over his face. He let his hair fall in his face, just so the teacher wouldn't see, and he carefully wrote out more words.

"Of course we can, I can't wait for it ☐" he smiled at the note, folding up the note with as much care as he could, knowing el, she took her notes pretty damn seriously.

He handed it back, hearing James practically growl because of his anger, muttering something under his breath as he passed the folded paper back to El, who already had an excited look on her face, her cheeks flushing pink like cherry blossoms as she unfolded it.

They began sending a bunch of notes back and forth, almost running out of paper. Some had writing and some had drawings or doodles of each other.

James was not pleased.

When El got a note back, she was happily opening it, but then suddenly, the neat paper slipped from her dainty hands, and it ended up, of course, on the edge of James's desk. He finally muttered a "for God's sake" he was about to give it to the brunette sitting beside him, when suddenly, Mrs. Castelo called his name.

"Mr. White! Care to explain why you are kneeling on the floor?" She challenged with a raised eyebrow.

James froze on the spot, along with El and Mike, who both knew what would happen next. "I-I...this notes a-aren't mine..." he spoke, so quietly anyone didn't even hear him, but Mike could catch what he had said, and he wanted nothing more than to see James fly through the window.

"Whose are they, then?" The teacher was getting angrier and angrier and the class grew more silent by the second.

It was when James didnt answer that the teacher snatched the notes

away and began reading them. She turned to look at who she thought was named Jane and then at Mike. Mike prayed she wouldn't read them out loud, but suddenly, she began reading-

El interrupted just as the teacher began reading.

"Nooo!" El pouted, "Those are private, only for me and Mikey."

Mike widened his eyes and banged his head on his desk, heading giggles and laughs from the class behind him.

"Do you think I care, Jane?" The teacher asked behind closed teeth.

"I do!" El argued, and her heart broke when the teacher tore one of the letters in half, the letter that just happened to be the one with Mike's drawing of her.

El could almost feel tears in her eyes and decided not to make the situation worse.

The tears began to well up soon enough, as Mrs. Castelo began to read, El had worked so hard and had been so happy only for this evil teacher to screw everything up. She laid her head down on her desk, and the teacher began to read.

"Hi mike! I miss you, and I hope this class ends soon so we can go to lunch, a stupid smiley face from your el and hearts. Now Jane, please explain why it was so important for you to interrupt my lesson with this?" The woman spoke, practically spitting venom with every word, and making el want to sink lower and lower into the ground, or just somehow enter the void, or throw herself out the window, she had too many emotions at once, and didn't respond to the teacher, just keeping her head on her desk, quietly crying.

"Don't play the victim, Jane. Answer my question." Mrs. Castelo began to raise her voice, as she slowly walked over to el's desk.

"I said, ANSWER!" The woman yelled, making el jump. Mike got out of his chair rapidly, and ran over to her.

The teacher read out more embarrassing love notes, embarrassing them throughout the whole class. People were laughing or trying to hold in their laughter as no one noticed El's tears.

Mike reassured her that she was safe, but the woman had frightened her and was now getting even angrier, walking to her desk and getting two after school detention slips, and calling Hopper.

Hopper arrived when the pair were sitting in the office waiting, and they just knew they were gonna be in deep shit.

"What is this all about?" He asked as soon as he saw El huddled on a pair of arms which were Mike's and he saw that Mike had venom in his eyes. The evil teacher was standing beside the principal, who looked very much like an old grandpa, but no one ever dared to tell him that.

"We apologize, Mr. Hopper, but your daughter and her boyfriend were passing notes and interrupting my class just to declare what? A stupid love? This isnt acceptable." Mrs. Castelo huffed out in deep annoyance and Mike was about to spit something out about her failed marriages, but the chief soon noticed this and before the boy could even let words splash from his mouth dangerously, he was sorting things out with the teacher.

Mike and El stayed huddled together as they let Hopper and the teacher talk, El latching onto his arm and stuffing her nose into his shoulder. He didn't mind.

Suddenly, Hopper gave them the two detention slips.
"You still have detention but the teacher won't kill you anymore."

The pair sighed in relief at the exact same time, but the teacher still glared daggers at them.

Shortly after, the bell for lunch rang, but their classmates, a few of them were quite the gossips, so when mike and el left the office, everybody down the hall stared at them.

El was brought back to the lab, she shuddered at the thought. She just looked down, hearing a few girls laugh as she walked by, she felt mikes hand latch onto hers, working wonders to calm her nerves.

But she still couldn't gulp down the nerves building up inside of her and suddenly, she felt a protective arm slip around her waist, as she

took notice that Mike's hand had left hers.

She smiled up to him and they ran their way to the bleachers, where Mike would let out a light chuckle as El panted, desperately trying to catch her breath.

Well at least it's just detention. Besides, we will be together." He winked at El and she hit his chest playfully, and then all of a sudden, everything became silent, and they were both glaring at each other intently, tension rising between them and Mike decided to lean in. Finally, their lips met and as soon as the kiss started, the butterflies-

"Oh hey! The couple are going to make out just like they said in the letter!" A random boy spoke, as a bunch of other students that were in the same class laughed with him.

They followed them from the note.

They broke apart with red faces, both not knowing if they could handle anymore embarrassment today.

And all El wants is a kiss from her Mike.

"Mike," she grabbed his arm with tears in her eyes, "Could we...Could we kiss somewhere else? All I want is a kiss," El whispered.

So Mike complied, just beginning to walk, her catching up by his side, latching onto his arm as he searched for a place for them to go.

They were walking one way when they saw the other four party members walking in their direction. El turned ghostly pale, hoping they hadn't heard about what'd happened, and before Mike could react she had taken off in the other direction.

She ran as fast as she could, and took Mike to a wall near an elementary school. Mike looked at her confused, but before he could say anything, El's lips were on his and every coherent thought on his mind had most probably slipped out. He felt himself melt like ice cream when she manoeuvred the kiss for the loveliest couple of minutes of his life.

El smiled despite everything that happened, looking down at her feet

and blushing. A kiss from Mike could make her forget about everything in seconds.

"Are we... okay?" El suddenly asked, rubbing her thumb on Mike's hand.

"What do you mean?" He furrowed his eyebrows.

"You're not... mad?"

"Mad? Why would I be mad?"

She felt like the worst person ever when they got caught, and her dragging him here afterwards and being so forward, she was just worried he would hate her for it.

"I just, over everything. I got you into detention and-and,"

"El im not mad. I promise. Yeah im in detention but I get to spend it with you, we're here now together, and that's all that matters." He said sweetly, brushing the hair out of her face.

She felt truly happy and pressed her nose to his, which made Mike instantly exclaim "boop!" And they stood there, pressing their noses together whilst sweetly saying 'boop.'

They had their happy ending after all.

19. Carnivals and Confessions

Mike takes a deep breath, walking through a crowd of people, desperately trying not to lose El that was by his side. Though, that clearly didn't work, because when he looked back over, she wasn't there.

Mike's heart skipped a beat and an ocean wave of panic crashed onto him, the anxiety feeling like it was drowning him.

"El?!" He screeched, running around and turning his head so much it hurt.

"El!" Tears started to well up in his eyes, but on the inside, he was already sobbing. He's legs felt weak and everything felt like it was spinning, his eyes stinging and blurry with tears, his heart race picking up faster and faster and-

"Mike?" El tapped his shoulder and Mike turned around in a flash, startling El a bit. Mike stiffened and wiped his eyes, shifting his feet in embarrassment, trying to stay cool in front of her.

"W-Where did you go?" Mike croaked, his heart race slowly calming down, feeling like he was out of breath.

El's face lit up and held her hands out, showing a bunch of wrinkled assortment of flowers; most of them were actually weeds but she found them as pretty as flowers.

"For your hair," she smiled, giddy and bouncy, unlike Mike who was flustered as hell.

His face went red, his heart picking up again, but for a different reason. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. But how could he when everything she did was so *fucking adorable*?

He shook his head as if his thoughts would just shake out of his head. He couldn't be thinking like that, she wasn't his. She doesn't know what a relationship is, and he thought she wasn't ready to know yet. Sometimes, he forgot they weren't together, and when he would remember, his mood would completely change. He'd get so depressed

that it was so obvious a person could sense it from miles away.

"Pretty," His eyes widened, "Th-the flowers! The flowers are pretty. W-wait n-no you're pretty too that's not what I meant!" He pinched his nose and groaned, "Thank you, El."

She brought her hands up to his hair, having to stand on her tippy toes, and dumped the pile of plants on his head. She stepped back and giggled, a sound that went straight to Mike's heart. He swore his mind stopped working when he heard it, his legs feeling like they were completely limp.

"Pretty," She said simply, beginning to walk away. Mike stood there for a second feeling like he was frozen, eyes wide and his face red. Mike contained his squeal by biting his knuckles, feeling like he could dance around in a flower field and scream of happiness for the rest of his life, just by the tiniest of things she did. After all, the tiniest things could make Mike pass out.

He got himself in control and ran up to El, not needing the complete panic of losing her again.

He stood by her side, awkwardly putting his hands in his pockets, looking away to hide his blush filled face. He took deep breaths and took one hand out of his pocket and bit his nails. One glance at her beautiful face and he could be sent to heaven.

"So..." Mike pursed his lips, "Is there anything that looks interesting to you?"

El looked around, eyes twinkling at all the carnival games, some having bottles, some having balloons, some having water guns. But what really caught her eye was this one carnival game where you had to throw a ball into a certain colored cup to get a prize.

But it wasn't the game itself she cared about; it was a certain prize that was hung up. It was a white dog, with black hairs on top of his head.

She gasped audibly, reaching over to tug Mike's arm. Mike immediately agreed, doing whatever would make her happy. After

all, he has been saving up money for this. All he wants is to show El the world, the world she never got to experience. He wants to be part of that world, part of her life. She got her childhood taken away from her. He wants to be the one who could bring it back.

So he decided to take El to the fair. It's always one of his favorite places to go, and there's so much to experience there. So he wanted this day to be all about her, all of his money going to El. He doesn't need it for himself, because if El was by his side, that's all he wanted.

Of course he had to argue with the rest of the party for who knows how long, stating firmly that they could *not* come. And that if he caught them spying on them, there would be no D&D for a month. He just wanted a bit of along time with El. He got teased, which left his face red, but it was worth it.

They walked over to the game booth, Mike paying for three balls to throw. He said to El that she could throw all of them, but El insisted that he'd play too.

And when El handed him the ball, their hands slightly touched, making Mike's heart jump out of his chest.

It's crazy how in love he is.

Her first throw was awful, and she immediately hated herself for it, frowning and looking up at Mike. Mike's face fell, never wanting to see a frown on her beautiful face.

Mike groaned, knowing he thought of her as beautiful again, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't just *stop* having feelings for someone.

Mike hesitantly placed his hands on her shoulders, sighing at how soft her skin was. Every part of her seemed so adorable and sweet, not being able to find even one thing that flawed her. She seemed so fragile under his touch, and he felt like his heart was melting.

"It's okay. You've never done this before. I'm awful at this and I've done this loads of times!" He said, which thankfully caused a giggle out of El. She raised her hand up to her mouth as she giggled, which Mike thought was adorable as hell. He couldn't help but to smile like

a dork at it, watching her with love eyes. His heart beat so fast that he was worried El could hear it.

El got the confidence she needed, and picked up another ball, throwing it again, but once again, it didn't end up in one of the colored cups and she frowned. She looked at the ball in Mike's hand, and Mike realized it was up to him to get her that dog. That dog that she really seemed to care about. He wondered why; he'd ask her later.

He shivered of anxiety, really, really wanting to get El this prize. He didn't want to see her disappointed face, knowing it'd be his fault. Little did he know, El only needed Mike in her life.

He sighed, praying to the gods that he would not mess up. If he got good karma he wanted to use it all on this moment. If he ever found any four leaf clovers when he was younger, he wanted to use that luck now. If he ever got a fortune cookie saying anything about good luck, he prayed it would be on this.

He rubbed it in between his hands, breathed on it, all while El was watching in complete confusion. Mike took one final breath before throwing the ball, and it felt like time was in slow motion, watching it glide across the cups. And as it finally landed in a color cup, Mike clapped his hands together, almost crying of joy that he did it.

El bounced up and clapped her hands excitedly, her eyes twinkling. She gave Mike a big hug, causing him to stiffen and blush *a lot*. He swallowed his squeals, knowing fully if he was alone right now that he would scream into a pillow out of happiness for hours.

She let go of him, but his body was still stiff, missing her touch. The guy behind the booth asked which prize she wanted, and she put her hands behind her back and looked down shyly, words trying to escape from her mouth but she got scared.

"The white dog up there please," Mike replied for her, pointing up to that dog El wanted so bad. She gave him a small smile, saying thank you without words. Mike smiled back and nodded, saying no problem.

They handed him the plushy, and El excitedly took it out of his hands. She brought it up to her face and snuggled against it, not helping the melting of Mike's heart. Why did she have to be adorable every second? He could never catch a break.

"Why'd you want it so bad?" Mike asks, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"It looks like you," she answered, and Mike felt like he lost a life, "It has black hair and you're pale like the dog. Also, I love dogs because if you were an animal, you'd be a dog," she smiled, skipping away happily still hugging the stuffed animal in her arms.

Mike was left dumbstruck, more like love-struck, practically drooling over her. He swears there is actual hearts in his eyes right now. And she doesn't even know she's got him wrapped around her finger.

Mike catches up, back to putting his hands in his pockets. He takes nervous glances at her hand that's swinging back and forth, the other hand occupied with a dog.

He could imagine his hand latched onto hers, all he needed to do was to move his hand a tiny bit, and his fantasy would come true.

But it wasn't as easy as it sounded. He bit his lip, looking away and whistling, slowly taking his hand out of his pocket and reaching over to hers. He took a deep breath and retrieved his hand, too scared to do it.

He looked back over, her hand so soft and small, smiling at the thought that his hands were so much bigger. He cleared his throat, and tried again, but as their fingernails touched he freaked out and put it back in his pocket. He nervously looked over at El's face, and thankfully, she seemed un-phased.

Mike tightened his hands into fists, trying to get a grip of himself. He decided to just go for it, but before he could...

"Mike, could you hold my hand?" El blurted out, immediately wincing on how fast she spoke. El bit her lip and looked away, only to feel Mike's hand slowly interlock their fingers together.

Mike looked at El's face and she was still looking away, but this time she was smiling wide, trying to use the dog plush to cover it but failing.

Mike let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding in, as they both walked in silence, Mike looking down and taking glances at their hands so often and El trying to hide her blushing face.

Mike loved the image of his and hers hands combined, so much that he stared at it so he could get the perfect mental picture. He wished he had a camera, because right now, this is the most beautiful thing he's seen; other than El.

"Um so.. El..." He fumbled with his shirt a little, the smile on his lips never fading, "Is-Is there an-any rides that seem coo- interesting?" He mentally face palmed himself for stuttering.

"Scary," she replied, looking ashamed. She glanced around at all the rollercoasters and couldn't bear to look at one for more than ten seconds. It went too fast and she's already seen two people throw up today, and she didn't want that for herself. Mike said earlier that they were "thrilling," but El didn't want any thrill. She wanted a fun evening with Mike; maybe even get to kiss him.

"What about the Ferris wheel? It goes slow and it only goes in circles. All it does is let you see the beautiful view," he suggested, patting himself on the back for not stuttering this time.

"Fer-ferres wheel?" El tilted her head, and Mike thought it was an adorable movement.

"Y-yeah, its over there, the big circle thingy," Mike pointed over to the Ferris wheel.

El looked over and her eyes lit up, seeing how the people were calmly sitting in their seats, the lights on the ride gradually changing, glowing in the almost dark sky.

"High," she worried, seeing how it went so high up. What if it broke? What if they fell down? El didn't even care about her, she cared about Mike. If it were to break, she didn't want Mike getting hurt. She

didn't care what happened to her, as long as Mike was safe.

"Hey," Mike squeezed her hand tighter, causing El to finally look up at him, "it's okay, it's safe. It'll be fine, I promise," he smiled, staying calm for El while on the inside he was panicking.

"Promise?" El squeezed his hand back.

"Promise." He repeated, and they made their way towards the ride.

El's anxiety was still there, and it only got worse as they got closer and closer. And the moment where they had to get on, she started to softly cry.

No one else noticed, but of course Mike would, and he tried to calm her down best he could without making physical contact, not knowing if it would make her uncomfortable.

El wiped her tears on her stuffed animal and smiled and nodded when she was ready. She took Mike's hand and they got on, the seat wobbling a bit which scared El.

She wrapped her arms around Mike like he was her lifeline. Mike had to pull her away because he was sure that El could feel his heartbeat, and he didn't want her to know how inhumanly fast it was beating.

They sat down on the seats, Mike nervously patting his knees with his hands. He glanced between the ground and El multiple times, seeing how she was hugging the stuffed animal for comfort. In reality, she wanted to hug Mike, but was too worried.

Mike began whistling, debating whether he should do one of those cheesy pickup lines that always ends up with the couple cuddling. He leaned back against his seat, scooting closer and closer.

He bit his lip and lifted his arm, clearing his throat loudly to distract El as he put his arm around her, all while shivering with nerves, sweating.

He didn't want to see her reaction, looking away as his leg bounced up and down, mentally cursing out his leg for not stopping.

Time stopped when she leaned her head on his shoulder. His back

stood up straight and all the hairs on his neck stood up, and goosebumps that looked more like mosquito bites appeared all over.

El whined and grabbed his arm when it started moving, so Mike pulled her closer, saying it was okay. She was safe. She was with him.

And as it moved more and more, El started to feel more comfortable, snuggling against Mike. With Mike by her side, she wasn't afraid of anything. She snuggled into his shoulder, not even caring about the view. All she cared about was Mike. The smile on her face was unstoppable as she closed her eyes and relaxed against him.

Mike was looking at the view, only to look back over to El and realize she was leaning in for a *kiss*.

Did she like him too? *No, not possible, how could she like a loser like me?*

Mike didn't even notice he started to lean in too, his lip trembling with anxiety. Their foreheads made contact and Mike moved his head to the side, El doing the same but on the opposite side.

'You can do this Mike, you can do this,' the thought kept replaying in his mind as his palms were sweating and his eyebrow was twitching and his body was shaking-

Their lips connected, and as if their hearts were fireworks, a million sparks went through them. El wrapped her arms around him and pulled him closer, deepening the kiss a little. He forgot where he was, because he swore he was in heaven.

Their lips broke apart and Mike let his lips linger there for a couple of seconds, both resting their foreheads on each other.

El's crying broke his lovesick moment and he immediately began to comfort her, hugging her and running his fingers through her curls. Tears of sadness should *never* fill those eyes of wonder.

"El, what's wrong?" He frowned, wiping some tears off her warm cheeks.

"I think..." she sniffed, her chin trembling trying to hold in to not sob,

"I think I'm..."

"You can say it El."

"I'm falling in love with you."

His eyes widened, his mind in a buzz, those words being the only thing being played in his mind.

"W-what?" Mike gulped, his face the reddest its ever been, almost like it's glowing in the dark atmosphere.

"I'm... in love w-with you. I'm sorry." El frowned, rubbing the skin of his hands with her thumb.

She was scared of love. Hopper didn't give her a very nice definition of love, he always said it ended with misery. She didn't want that for her and Mike. It's weird, because love was a good feeling. She loved feeling her heart flutter and her warm cheeks. She loved being able to feel so strong about a certain someone. She loved how easily she could smile around him, how easily she could actually be *happy* and *carefree* when she's with him.

But he said it was bad. A feeling that she should avoid. But she couldn't avoid it. She didn't *want* to avoid it.

She's in love with Mike Wheeler and nothing could stop that.

"Oh El..." he smiled and placed a reassuring peck on top of her head.

"I-I'm i-in lo-love with y-you too..." Mike whispered, so softly she almost didn't hear it. His stomach full of butterflies tightened and he felt like he might vomit.

Mike couldn't *believe* he confessed his feelings. What if she thought he was weird now? What if she hated him now? What if-

His thoughts disappeared when El placed her lips on his again, loving the feeling, wanting to show him that she loved him too.

"Love is something beautiful El. Don't be scared of it," he smiled, giving her another hug.

Mike would never *ever* let this wonderful girl go.

20. Protective

The party was walking around the train tracks, talking and laughing; carrying picnic supplies to the place they were going in the hot summer weather.

Mike and El stayed a little behind everyone else, not carrying anything so they could hold hands.

El was happily skipping along his side, wearing one of his shirts that was oversized on her that she absolutely adored. Mike couldn't help but to stare, dreamily smiling and blushing at the girl he was so lucky to be holding hands with.

"Careful... wait- don't trip..." Mike murmured, using his other hand to protect her from falling.

He couldn't stand the sight of her getting hurt and she was so *happy* and *carefree* he didn't want to ruin that mood. She never got the chance to feel so *free* before and Mike wants to make up for it.

El overheard one of Dustin's jokes and she giggled, the best sound in the universe to Mike's ears. He sighed dreamily, holding her hand just a bit tighter. He never wanted to let her go, he needed her.

He was so caught up in his daze that he didn't keep notice of where his feet were going, causing *him* to trip and fall on the train tracks.

He fell on his knees which hurt like *hell* for his kneecaps, the pain causing him to squint his eyes and mumbled, "ow," not wanting to embarrass himself in front of El.

El gasped audibly and went down to his level, frowning as she took his pretty face in her hands.

"Are you okay?!" El asked, her voice so frightened it sounded like she was on the brim of a panic attack.

"I'm fine. It's just a bruise," he answered truthfully, the pain wearing off but creating two ugly purple bruises.

El frowned at them, and Mike stared at her, confused, until he realized her bottom lip was trembling.

"Wait El no no-" he cupped her cheeks in his soft palms as she began whimpering.

El rubbed her thumbs ever so lightly across the bruises, not too harsh so it wouldn't hurt, tears falling from her pink cheeks.

"M-Mikey...got hurt..." she pouted, and Mike brought his thumbs to wipe the tears off.

"Just a little El, I'm okay," Mike tried to reassure, looking straight into her eyes.

"B-but I could've s-saved you," she frowned, crossing her arms. She always blamed everything on herself. She wanted to punch herself because she could've easily stopped him from falling if she noticed faster.

"Hey, hey it's okay, I'm okay!" Mike smiled, giving her a peck on the tip of her nose.

"Promise?" El whined, still staring at the bruises Mike never deserved.

"Promise."

The party was standing in line for a ride at an amusement park, Max rolling her eyes at everything Mike began to say.

"Do *not* lose her! And make sure she's happy!" Mike stated, staring deep into Max's eyes to get his point across.

"Yeah yeah I know, you girls get on the rollercoaster, I got El." Max threw an arm around El.

"Hey! We're not girls!" Dustin furrowed his eyebrows.

"Maybe not physically but definitely mentally. Though might as well be physical because you probably have the smallest-"

"Okay! That's enough!" Lucas threw his hands up.

The boys got on their favorite ride, Max looking over to El since she wasn't ready for rollercoasters yet; but Max didn't mind, after all El is her best friend.

El was hugging a stuffed animal she won at one of the games, her gaze on the ground.

"Hey, are you okay? You look upset," Max worried.

El shook her head no, knowing if she tried to say words that she'd break out into sobs.

"What can I do to cheer you up?" Max, "What about ice-cream?"

El shook her head again, "I don't want ice-cream. I want Mike." She wiped her eyes on the plush when she felt wetness starting to form there.

Max furrowed her eyebrows in confusion, and El noticed.

El pointed up to the ride, the boys strapped in but the cart not moving yet.

"He'll get hurt," she frowned, looking up at Mike.

Mike saw her and he smiled and waved, his face lighting up just by her appearance.

El reached out her arms and made a grabbing motion with her hands, pouting for him to come back.

Mike blew her a kiss, telling her without words that he'll be back soon.

She didn't do her usual routine where she would catch the imaginary kiss and kiss it, but instead shook her head and began to cry, walking closer to the ride, even if it was so high up.

El began to jump like she was trying to get to him and whimper, knowing deep down it wouldn't do anything.

Max came up behind her and stopped her jumping, which caused her to whine.

"I want Mikey back!" El cried. The rollercoaster looked scary and Mike could get hurt. She didn't want any chances of that.

"He'll be back soon, he will be okay," Max reassured, rubbing El's back. She ignored her though.

"Mikey!" El screamed to him, though he didn't hear her.

"Mike!" El screamed again, "Mike please no!"

Max didn't know what to do in this situation. She felt like a bitch for wanting to laugh but it *was* funny. But on the other hand she hated to see her like this, and she wanted to take her away to somewhere else but she knew El would refuse.

The ride started moving, El gasping and starting to cry loudly.

"No no!" El began to run after the ride, "Come back! Mike!"

Max grabbed her shoulders from behind to stop her movements.

"Lets go sit on that bench. He'll be okay," Max suggested, El looking back at the ride before shrugging, "okay..."

They sat on the wooden bench, El crying silently into her stuffed animal.

Max comforted her the whole time, saying reassuring words and rubbing her back.

She watched as Mike went around in loops and turns with the other boys, her lip trembling trying to hold in her cries.

The ride finally stopped after what seemed like four hours. El jumped up from the bench and ran as fast as she could to Mike.

"He-" Mike got cut off when she felt two arms wrap around him tightly.

El rubbed her face against his chest and cried, so thankful he didn't end up hurt.

"Aww pumpkin what's wrong? Don't cry..." Mike petted her hair as she thankfully began to smile against him.

"Nothing now." She smiled.

21. Permanent Hug

Listen to the song "permanent hug" by dodie its a bop

Hopper rolled his eyes as he heard giggling and wheezing behind the cracked-open door of El's bedroom.

"Stop looking at my cards!

"I'm not!" He overheard from her room.

He rubs his eyes and gets up off of the couch and slouches over, opening the door without knocking to see Mike and El sitting on her bed playing Uno.

Mike's arm was wrapped around her and her head rested on his shoulder, and Hopper had to restrain from pulling them apart forcefully.

They look up at Hopper and they immediately blush, but yet don't remove the physical contact.

"Come on Wheeler, it's getting late, let me drive you home," Hopper groaned.

Mike frowned. "But I'm not tired!"

"Yeah well I am." Hopper said, "There's no point in fighting so let's go."

Mike obeyed and went to get up, but before he could he felt two arms wrap around him.

"Wait wait no," El frowned, holding him tight.

Mike looked back to an adorable pouty face, he couldn't help but to smile.

"Sorry El. I'll see you later, okay?" Mike grazed his thumb over her cheek.

El whined. "But there's plenty of room in my bed..."

Mike's face turned red and widened his eyes, and Hopper cleared his throat.

"Yeah that's not happening, lets go," Hopper groaned, impatient.

Mike stood up but the same pair of arms were still wrapped around him.

He chuckled and reached his arms out, slowly picking her up bridal style.

"Come on *you*," He smiled as El wrapped her arms around his neck. She snuggled her face into his chest and grinned happily.

Hopper rolled his eyes but didn't intervene as they walked out that way, Mike slipping his shoes on with a lovesick El in his arms.

"Do you have to leave?" El whispered, looking up at him with those twinkling eyes he loves.

"Yeah... you know how Hopper is," Mike leaned down to give her a peck on the forehead.

"Come on kid," Hopper interrupted, "Get out of Mike's arms."

Hopper went to grab her but she whined and hung on closer to Mike. Hopper tried again but El just whined a little, "nooo!" And snuggled in his chest with a big smile and flushed cheeks.

Hopper sighed and pinched his nose.

"I'm going in the car with you," El mumbled into his chest. Every minute with Mike was to be cherished.

Hopper was too tired to care anymore so he just let it happen, throwing on his slippers and walking out to the car.

Mike walked down the steps, staring deeply at El's adorable face, while also being careful to not trip and fall.

Mike sat her carefully in the car and got in next to her, and before he could even think El's arms were wrapped around his torso and her cheek nuzzled against his shoulder.

Hopper planned to have a talk with them two later that week as he drove.

There was mostly comfortable silence, broken sometimes when they would whisper something in each other's ear and giggle about it, then look at Hopper to make sure he didn't hear it.

Hopper didn't know how two people so young could be so in love. It was disgustingly cute.

When they did get to his house, El grabbed his arm and looked at him wig pouty eyes.

She tugged his arm, "no."

Mike smiled, "I don't want to leave either but it's late."

Mike opened the car door and he could feel a certain someone's cheek snuggle against his arm.

"Stay a little longer...?" El frowned, looking at him with *that* face that always made him melt.

Mike chuckled, "I'll try to see you as soon as possible, but I gotta leave or else Hopper is gonna beat my ass."

That earned him a giggle.

El blushed and twirled her hair around her finger, biting her lip wondering if she should say the next thing on her mind.

"Kiss me before you go?" El asked, tugging his shirt a little.

Mike's face turned red and in a panic glanced over at Hopper. He was... asleep. Damn he was tired.

Mike grinned and leaned over to kiss her softly on the lips, letting his lips linger there for a bit.

"I want your cuddles all night. It's not fair you have to leave," El crosses her arms and huffed.

Mike got an idea and took off his jacket, handing it over to El.

"Here, this will be like, a permanent hug," He chuckled.

El gasped and hugged it, bringing it close to her nose to inhale the scent.

She beamed at him and gave him a hug.

"See you later El, I love you," Mike waved at her as he began walking to the front door.

"I love you more," El giggled and waved back.

'Impossible' Mike thought.

El glanced over at Hopper and poked him on the shoulder. Hopper groaned but remembered that he was still in the Wheeler's driveway, so he woke with a start and turned the key.

El switched from the back seat to the front seat. She laid her head against the glass with a big smile, closing her eyes and smelling the scent of the jacket. It smelled like Mike.

Hopper noticed something in her arms when he glanced over.

"Is that Mike's jacket?" He questioned.

"Yes," she responded quickly, not embarrassed at all.

"You're driving me nuts kid," Hopper groaned, and El giggled.

He didn't see the last of that jacket that night.

Definitely not.

El would bring it to the table, or on the couch when they watched a movie together. In the mornings he'd often see her wrapped in that jacket.

Not to mention that she falls asleep with it *every night*.

She would either hug it to sleep or wear it to sleep, and when Hopper read her bedtime stories she'd be picking at the jacket.

The night where she didn't know where it went was a disaster.

She ran all around the house, checking every nook and cranny in a panic, basically making the whole cabin a mess trying to find it.

Hopper had to stop her when it got to bad she looked behind bookshelves.

"I gotta find it!" El frowned, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Why is it so important?" Hopper groaned.

"I can't sleep without it..." El pouted, wiping her eyes, "it makes me not have nightmares."

That was true. Ever since Mike gave her the jacket the nightmares

significantly decreased. Hopper didn't connect the dots though.

Hopper rolled his eyes and gave in.

"Fine! I hid it!" Hopper put his arms up.

"What?! Where?!" El screeched.

"It's in the microwave," Hopper said.

"Why... the microwa- whatever," El ran to the microwave and got it out, immediately cuddling it in her arms like it was a baby or something.

Hopper realized that nothing or no one will break this love apart.

22. Missing Mike

"One, two, three..." El whispered, tracing her fingers in tiny patterns on Mike's face. Mike observed her eyes darting to different parts of his appearance, examining every detail and anything she could find.

"Four, five, six..." El continued, poking each freckle she counted. She lifted up the strands of black hair on his forehead to see if there were any freckles up there she was missing.

"Seven, eight, nine..." Mike chuckled when she hit a ticklish part of his neck. El widened her eyes in surprise for a few seconds, but it changed to a mischievous grin in no time as she continued to poke the same spot multiple times. Mike's hands flew up in the air as he tried to smack her hands away, his face contorted with laughter and beaming with a wide open smile.

"El!" Mike took a deep breath, the sounds from his throat choppy from his wheezing. "Focus on your counting!"

El removed her hands and stared into his eyes. Each second her eyes locked with his, he made her feel more and more lost in his dark brown pools. Mike blushed and buried half of his face in the grass underneath them, smiling like an idiot. His eyes twinkled in the light with adoration.

El's face lit up as Mike kept his loving eyes on her, so filled with undeniable love. She could read his expression like no other. Her lips curved into an even wider smile, and when Mike noticed he covered his face with his hands, completely flustered.

El softly giggled, making Mike's heart flutter. She removed his hands from his face and then softly held his chin. "It's okay," she grinned, "I like when your face gets red." She hoped to make him feel better but his cheeks turned darker at her words.

Mike grinned. "Thanks," is all he could say. He'd love to stay in this moment forever, but he had to get El refocused on her task. "Now get back to counting. You need to memorize all your numbers." El nodded.

"Ten, eleven, twelve..."

El's eyes suddenly opened, looking around frantically, trying to see if Mike was there. To her disappointment, he was nowhere to be seen. The only thing visible through the darkness was the faint outlines of the furniture in her room.

She shuffled in her blanket, feeling tears prickle her eyes. She grabbed the nearest pillow and squeezed it tightly, shoving her face into it, wishing it was Mike. She didn't want to cry, but her body desperately felt like she needed to release the salty tears that were begging to come out.

El sniffed and brought the pillow closer, slowly spiraling into loud cries. She snuggled her cheek against it like a cat, imagining it was Mike's chest. She softly smiled at the thought, but it didn't last long as it immediately curved back into a frown.

El sprung up when she heard a soft knock on her wooden door, followed by a "Kid?"

She sighed and nodded her head even know he couldn't see it. "Come in," she responded as she tried to hide the shakiness in her voice.

The door creaked, and El could hear his footsteps as he walked towards her. Her face was still hidden in her pillow, but she could feel Hopper's gaze.

Hopper placed a hand on El's shoulder, rubbing his thumb reassuringly on the fabric of her pajama shirt.

"Mike?" Hopper questioned, tilting his head. El whimpered at the sound of his name, sinking deeper into her pillow, trying to not let out the sobs that were in her throat. She tried to block out Hopper, she tried to block out everything in her room. All she wanted to think of right now is Mike's gentle kisses and the way his arms held her close.

She blushed and dug her fingers into her pillow even tighter than before, wishing her daydream was real and almost feeling like it was.

But not real enough.

Hopper sighed. "I know you miss him, I know you don't get to see him as much as you want," Hopper took a deep breath, already knowing that El's eyebrows were probably furrowed with anger, "but you'll see him soon. I promise."

El wiped her tears on the pillowcase. "I want Mike," she choked on a cry, "now."

It wasn't fair. She finally got to see Mike again, but still wasn't allowed out of the house at all times, nor was Mike allowed to come over often. Sometimes she couldn't see him a week, other times it could last as long as a month or two.

El couldn't stand it. It was even more painful now that she gotten closer with Mike, fell more in love, to the point where a week feels like the 353 days all over again. But she knew Hopper was just trying to keep her safe.

The danger wasn't completely over with the bad men. It wasn't just Mike making her sad, but also the feeling of not being able to experience life like a normal teen - not being able to call herself normal.

"I know honey," Hopper kissed the back of her head, "I'm sorry." El brought her face out of the pillow to look at Hopper with her blurry, tear-filled vision. Hopper's face sunk when he saw the visible tear marks on her pillow, her eyes turning red and puffy. It was obvious she was trying not to cry in front of him.

"I'm going to make breakfast, okay?" Hopper whispered, patting her on the shoulder before he left the room. And with that, she was alone again.

El sighed and wiped her eyes with her arm, proceeding to stare up at the ceiling until her eyes closed on her. She decided to go to sleep again, since her dreams were the only way for her to be with him.

23. Missing El

The sound of his friends laughs flooded Mike's ears, his eyes staring at the television in front of them.

It was a normal Friday night, arguing, joking, and watching the Star Wars movies until they are too tired to keep their eyes open.

Mike shifted on the couch, stretching his long legs that cover all the cushions. After all, he did have the whole couch to himself; everyone was sitting on the floor.

Sometimes he would get hit by popcorn every once in a while when Dustin tried to catch it in his mouth, not that he really noticed, his thoughts were on a very special girl he has fallen in love with.

He caught a glance at Lucas and Max, her head on his shoulder and Lucas trying to make a move on her. He groaned and rolled over on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

'That should be me and her,' He thought.

He tapped his fingers lightly on his stomach, so lost in his own mind every other sound in the room was muffled.

He didn't have many words to describe what he was feeling. He was feeling angry, scared, longing for her. Angry she can't do the things she's never been able to do before, angry she's being kept away from the world again, angry she's not with him.

Not to mention the constant fear he has to deal with *every single day*, the fear of the one second she could disappear and he wouldn't be there with her; wouldn't be able to stop it or say goodbye. The repeating worry if she's okay, the constant thoughts of the "what if" questions. What if she's crying? What if she's having a nightmare? What if she's scared? What if she's hurt?

What if she needs me?

Going through these days, not knowing the next day he will be able to see her again is the fucking worst. Not having the joy of being able

to show her the things that she should've experienced way beforehand. Not being there for her when she needs him.

He just wants to teach her the things Brenner, that asshole, refused to do. He wants to do normal things with her. Let her experience life just like him, just like the rest of them.

But of course, something always has to be wrong. Something always wants to keep El out of the world, even though she doesn't deserve it.

She deserves the world, and Mike wants to give her that world.

"Earth to Mike!" Mike heard, jolting him out of his thoughts. Mike ran in hand though his hair, seeing everyone had their eyes on him. He never really liked being the center of attention... well not always.

He loved getting attention from El. He'd get jealous very easily even if she was just smiling at one of the other boys. He knows it's stupid, but that's just what happens when you fall head over heels for somebody.

"Yeah?" He squeaked, a failed attempt of trying to act like everything was fine.

"Are you even paying attention to the movie? One of the best scenes is going to come on!" Dustin urged, followed by Lucas rolling his eyes.

"I wouldn't say one of the best..." Lucas sighed. He did believe it was one of the best scenes, but he didn't want to act like a loser in front of Max.

"Shut up Lucas, you can't deny it's pretty good!" Will grinned, throwing a piece of popcorn at him, which got him a glare from Max. The popcorn was eventually picked up off the floor and into Dustin's mouth.

Mike shook his head rested his cheek on the arm rest of the couch, "It's whatever. It's not like we haven't seen this movie about five thousand times by now."

He sworn he heard the whole party gasp like it was a dramatic rom com, all of them giving him disapproving looks.

"Mike! You were always excited to watch this movie, what is wrong with you?" Dustin screeched, not believing what came out of Mike's mouth.

"Yeah well I'm not feeling well," Mike spat, rolling over so his back was facing them, wishing everyone could just leave him be.

He wanted to lay and just think anything about her. It made him feel happy, not the joy he would feel when she'd actually be there, but happy.

He didn't care if he looked stupid, because to be honest, he knew he did.

He liked when his mind flooded with memories with her. He liked when he thought about what he would show her next, what they'd do. He liked when he imagined himself close to her, wrapping her into a tight embrace to remind him she was there. To feel her curls tickle his neck as she snuggled into his chest, to see her flash that beautiful smile and her pretty pink cheeks. To see her eyes twinkle, to see her fascinated face as she discovered new things.

They all shared confused glances at each other, not knowing what to do or how to react. Dustin and Max shrugged as Lucas and Will scooted closer to the couch.

"Hey..." Lucas softly put a comforting hand on Mike's shoulder, but Mike didn't move. "What's wrong?"

Mike didn't respond, not because he was mad, but because he could feel wetness starting to build up in his eyes, and it'd be embarrassing to show his friends. He's supposed to be the leader of the party, not the one crying on the couch ruining everybody else's night.

He squeezed his eyes shut and a tear came out, digging his face into the back of the couch, his cheeks red.

"Mike?" Will questioned, shifting his body to try to see if he could look at his face, but no use.

"I'm sorry," Mike spoke out, muffled by the cushions.

Lucas raised an eyebrow, "Sorry? What are you saying sorry for?"

Mike finally brought himself to face his friends, immediately seeing their shocked faces when they realized he's desperately trying to hold back his cries; it made Mike want to be hidden again.

"I... I'm just ruining all of your guys's night," Mike sighed, looking down to the ground, trying to avoid eye contact, tracing his finger in unknown shapes on the cushion.

"Mike," Dustin started, trying to get his eyes to land on him, "You're not ruining our night. We just want to help our friend, because we care. Now what's wrong?"

All the other kids nodded in agreement at Dustin's words. Lucas's face plastered a shocked expression, not knowing Dustin could even say anything meaningful, which almost made Mike chuckle.

Mike's face got suddenly got red out of embarrassment. He didn't want to tell them he's acting this way because of a girl.

A girl who stole his heart right out of his chest, not letting him think about anything but her for one second. A girl who he found in the forest, and ever since then he just wanted to do everything with her, go on adventures, have fun, hold her hand, kiss those lips that always makes his heart jump out of his chest.

He can't go one day, one minute, one second not worrying if she's okay, wondering if she'd feel better if she was in his arms.

The boys seemed to notice this, knowing immediately what was wrong. Even though they wanted to laugh and his gigantic crush for El, they know he was genially upset and laughing would just make it worse.

"Is this about El?" Will asked.

Mike sighed and groaned into a pillow, nodding his head slightly.

"God you're so in love," Max laughed, and Mike jolted from his position, all the hairs sticking up from his body.

"No I'm not! I'm just worried!" Mike defended.

At this, all of them couldn't hold it in, and started to burst out laughing. Mike covered his red face with his hands, resting his

elbows on his knees.

"Sorry man, it's just you know that's not true," Lucas raised his eyebrows.

"...I know," Mike sighed, looking down.

"Hey, it's okay, just tell us what you're thinking about."

"Well, her, obviously," Mike groaned, stuffing his face into a pillow.

"Come on," Lucas tugged his arm, "let's get your mind off of her."

And they did just that for the rest of the night. A failed attempt, but Mike appreciated the efforts.

24. Little Princesses

Mike woke up to the sound of his little girls crying from their bedroom, rubbing his eyes trying to adjust to the slightly lit room.

He looked at the time and it was four AM. He turned back over to the love of his life in his arms, about to wake her, until he captured the beauty that laid beside him.

She looked so peaceful and calm, her eyelashes kissing her cheekbones and her hair spreading across the pillow, her bare chest going up and down with her steady breathing.

Mike smiled, and decided he could take care of the girls himself. She deserves a break anyways, her job has been tough recently.

He gently released himself from her arms, being careful not to wake her. He was successful, thankfully, and he rubbed her naked back a little before getting out of the bed.

He put on some boxers he found on the ground and a shirt from the drawer, opening the door as quietly as he could and tiptoeing over to the girl's bedroom.

His two twin daughters who recently just turned one, lay in their cribs with sobs coming out of their throats.

"Dada!" Sarah smiled, waving her hands in the air trying to find him with the struggle of being blind.

While Sarah could say some words, her twin, Arley, was a little late on talking and hasn't had her first word yet. But Mike still loves her just the same.

"Come on you two," Mike picked them both up, Arley laying on his left arm and Sarah on the right.

He sat in the rocking chair and grabbed the book that they love, knowing it will tire them again and put them to sleep.

Their tiny hands latched onto his shirt, intrigued by the story even

though they've heard it over a thousand times. When your young, it doesn't really matter.

He continued reading the book, seeing how their eyes were slowly starting to close on them. He grinned at his two beautiful daughters, feeling so lucky and grateful that he has them in his life.

"...And they lived happily ever after. The end," Mike finished, and closed the book, looking over to see both of the girls asleep, cuddled up against him.

He kissed their foreheads and picked them up, gently placing them back into their cribs and tucking them in.

Mike also remembered to put Arley's favorite figurine, an old dinosaur named Rory next to her, knowing she could never sleep without it.

He sighed happily at the sight of his daughters both asleep with smiles on their faces, slightly proud of himself.

He also remembered Sarah's stuffed animal, a white dog with black little hairs on its head, into her arms. With no eyesight, the stuffed animal was comforting to touch and the softness of the little hairs were interesting to feel.

"Goodnight princesses," he whispered and kissed their cheeks, glancing at them one more time before walking back to his and El's bedroom.

He opened the door to see El sitting up against the headboard, the blanket pulled up above her chest.

"Hey beautiful," He quickly walked over and planted a soft kiss on her lips, "You're awake." El nodded and blushed, "I didn't feel you next to me."

"The girls were crying, I had to put them to sleep again," he said as he crawled back under the covers.

"Wait, wait," El took his shirt into her fists and pulled it up above his head, going back to skin on skin like it was before.

He smiled and brought his thumb to her cheek, taking in her grown up features; so much has changed.

"Better," El giggled, and snuggled her face into the crook of his neck.

"Much better," he agreed, and buried his nose into her curls, taking in her scent.

No matter how old they get, their love is just the same.

25. The Night Before

The night before my oneshot, "Little Princesses."

El sighed as she closed the door, taking off her shoes and flopping onto the couch where Mike sat reading a book about some nerdy stuff El didn't know.

He smiled and instantly put the book down, putting an arm around her to bring her closer. He figured she was pretty stressed so he didn't say a word for a few minutes, letting her blow off all the emotions in her head.

He got an idea and started planting kisses on her face over and over, until he heard her giggle and a playful, "Miiike!"

He pulled back and grinned, "There's that smile that I love." El blushed and beamed at him, her eyes twinkling.

"Hard day at work?" Mike asked, rubbing her shoulder.

"Yeah," El groaned, snuggling into his chest, "I'm sorry I was gone for so long they had to keep me for work and-"

"Shhh, it's okay. You're here now, you can relax," Mike whispered, and kissed the side of her forehead.

"Actually..." El took her bottom lip between her teeth, fumbling with the end of her skirt, "Are the kids asleep?"

"Yeah. They got pretty tired out because Sarah and Arley chased each other with their toys for hours," Mike laughed at how adorable they were.

"Good," El breathed, looking away to hide her red face. She took a deep breath and considered her actions, before she climbed onto his lap with one swift movement.

"I want you," El bit her lip, staring at Mike's wide-eyed, shocked face, "I need you Mike. It's been too long."

Mike took a few seconds to take in the scene in front of him, then began to smirk, resting his hands on her hips.

"Someone's in the mood," he purred into her ear, making her shiver. She grabbed his shirt desperately as Mike left a trail of kisses from her ear to her neck.

He whispered some dirty things into her ear that made her thighs squeeze together.

"Bedroom. Now." She demanded, tugging his arm and dragging him as fast as she could upstairs.

As they were going up the steps, Mike took this opportunity to squeeze her butt, causing a squeal out of El's throat and made her in more of hurry to get onto that dang bed.

She laid her back against the bed and Mike got on top of her in no time, a little smirk on his face that did *things* to El.

She was so desperate instead of un-buttoning her shirt she tore it open, her pink, lacey bra now in plain view to Mike.

He widened his eyes in surprise and smiled up at her, an eyebrow raised in amusement.

"What do we have here?" Mike smirked, playing with the elastic of her bra, "lingerie? You were planning this, weren't you?"

"Yes," She breathed, "I wanted this all day."

He leaned down to kiss her, her lips moving against his in a frantic motion. His lips went further down, to her chin and to her neck, sliding down her body until his mouth reached her nipple through the fabric.

She screeched, lacing her fingers through his black mane, looking down at him with lustful eyes as he licked and sucked.

His fingers crawled their way under the elastic and pushed the bra up until her chest was bare and exposed to him.

The bra sat right above her chest, not completely off, and Mike licked

his lips at the sight.

He must've been starting for too long, because El began to go red-faded and look away.

"Beautiful El, so beautiful," Mike lowered himself, taking one into his hand, "I don't understand how someone can be this breathtaking."

She smiled at his words and looked back at him again, latching onto his biceps as he began to play with them.

He played with the weight of each one for a bit before he rubbed his thumb over her perky nipple, hearing a cute little gasp come from El's mouth.

He gave the left one a small lick before he took it in his mouth, using his hand to give the other equal attention.

"Mike," El whined, pulling at his hair in pleasure.

He released it with a '*pop*' and smirked up at her, El shivering at the look on his face.

He drunk in her body, his hands slowly going down her sides, appreciating how her stomach curved in then out like an hour glass.

She seemed so fragile and soft, her stomach fluttering with his touch. Mike loved that about her.

His hands stopped at her hips, fingers reaching in under the fabric of her pants and pulling them down, the slow reveal of those pale, smooth thighs making him gulp.

El smiled down at him as he took them completely off, discarding them on the floor somewhere.

Her thighs were closed, but she shyly opened them for him, *only* for *him*, while biting her finger, face flushed, allowing him to be in the area he so desperately wanted to devour.

Her eyes twinkled in admiration at him as her center was now in view to his eyes, only covered by the fabric of her lingerie panties.

He noticed the visible wet spot in the center of her underwear and he groaned at the sight, crawling back on top of her.

"I love when you spread those pretty thighs of yours for me," Mike smirked, but El couldn't think of a comeback before Mike placed two fingers against her lower.

She moaned at the tiny contact, Mike smiling at how sensitive she always was.

He rubbed her warm mold, all while watching her face and her chest heaving.

He brought his fingers higher to the hem of the lacey panties, pulling them down agonizingly slow.

El whimpered and squirmed, her thighs shaking in desperate need. She closed her eyes and whined and whined, begging him without words to go faster.

"Shhh El, patience," Mike gave her a smug look, and El threw her head back, biting her lip, waiting for them to come off.

Once they were off, Mike held it in his hands, staring at her glistening center in awe.

He threw them on the ground along with her other clothes, and took her bra completely off too.

He held her knees open so her legs wouldn't close, drinking in her bare body laid in front of him.

She crossed her arms over her chest and huffed, "I think it's a little unfair right now."

Mike got her message and took his shirt off, throwing it onto the ground and kissing El.

Her fingers traced around his bare chest, adoring his firm chest and slender shoulders. As he got older, his muscles became bigger and stronger, but yet still skinny and boney. El didn't like the look of buff men, or super stick-like guys, so Mike was perfect. She's only been

attracted to his body.

She arched her back and rubbed herself against him, reminding him what she wanted.

He wasted no time, lowering his body and letting his fingers play with her.

He watched as he stretched her walls and rubbed his fingers up and down her entrance, sometimes even rolling that sweet spot between his two fingers.

"Holy shit," Mike said while feeling her up, "You're fucking soaked."

El only nodded and whined in response, knowing he's teasing her on purpose. And it's driving her crazy.

"M-Mike, your fingers," El whimpered, looking down at him with lustful eyes.

Mike smirked and started to run her clit oh so slow.

"You want my fingers in you El? You want me to rub in there until you cum all over my fingers?" Mike teased, putting his fingertips at her entrance, that was now pulsing.

"Yes!" El almost sobbed, panting heavily from the impatience and her body shaking.

Mike obeyed his orders and stuck two fingers in in one swift motion, causing El to almost choke.

Her back raised off the bed and her head thrown back as he pumped those magic fingers in and out, El gripping the sheets so tightly she had white knuckles.

Her mouth was parted into a big 'o' shape, her eyebrows tilted in pleasure. Mike admired the sight, just now realizing just how hard that area in his pants was.

Her body couldn't stay in one place, shifting and turning, wiggling and squirming as the pleasure quickly increased with every pump.

"You wanna cum for me baby?" Mike whispered in her ear.

El nodded her head in repeat, "Y-yes."

"Come on then, cum for me beautiful," Mike was filled with his own lust.

"Please..." El gasped, feeling the heat in her gut.

"Let go on my fingers baby, your so fucking gorgeous when you moan like that. When your back arches and you make that face, fuck, your like a god damn goddess," Mike groaned as he kissed her neck.

Suddenly, her hands instantly went up to his arms as she gasped and moaned at the same time, letting out a scream of pleasure as her body couldn't take it anymore, her head thrown back as she whimpered and shook violently.

She moaned and whimpered, letting out all the sounds possible, her thighs closing in trying to release the tension, barely able to handle that amazing orgasm.

Mike sat on his knees as he watched her back flop back onto the bed, her eyes closed and head turned to the side, jerking and shaking. Mike smirked in amusement.

He slid his fingers out and rubbed her mold a little, seeing how her walls were fluttering.

Mike wiped his fingers on the sheet and reached his hand out to cup her red cheek, giving her lips a sweet kiss.

"Are you okay?" He asked with a chuckle.

El finally opened her eyes filled with love, and snuggled into his palm and nodded. She smiled wide, the cutest thing ever in Mike's opinion.

El reached out to grab Mike's belt, she was nowhere near satisfied yet. There was more to come.

"Off," she demanded, and Mike didn't say a word, just following her order, leaving him in just his boxers.

El smirked and reached out to the waistband of his boxers, pulling them down and letting him be free instead of being so restrained.

Mike groaned and fell ontop of her, catching himself on his elbows when she took him into her hand, giving it a few pumps.

El stopped, Mike whining in protest, but El took a condom out of their nightstand drawer, holding it up to remind him.

"I don't want another kid," she laughed, and Mike snorted. He rolled his eyes in a playful manner and took the condom out of her hands, tearing open the package and rolling it on like a pro, having done it so many times.

Once it was situated, he lowered himself in between her legs, grabbing her hips. He looked up at her to make sure she wanted this, and if was *very* obvious she did.

So he started to push in slowly, until El stopped him. He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

"Actually- um," She looked down, face flushed, "Can I be on top?"

Mike growled wolfishly at her, then flipped them over, El sitting on his lap as his back lay against the headboard.

She rubbed her sweet spot on him for a few seconds, just enjoying how it felt, then raised her hips up to his tip.

She gripped his shoulders tightly as she lowered herself on it, closing her eyes and biting her lip for every inch of Mike that consumed her.

Her legs shook of pleasure and her knees gave out, causing him to enter her in one swift motion, a loud, gurgled moan coming out of her throat. She closed her eyes as her thighs shook.

Mike kissed her shoulder, then her neck, and finally to her lips. "Is it okay?" He asked, rubbing her back.

"It's good," she breathed, starting to move her hips. She grinned back and forth, moans coming out as high pitched whimpers as she rested her chin on his shoulder, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"It's been too long," Mike groaned, "You feel so good."

El smiled into his neck and moved faster, starting to bounce him now. He threw his head back in pleasure, her walls squeezing him tightly like they were trying to milk him dry.

El's pace began to be rapidly fast in no time, desperately needing him. The room was filled with moans and pants; it really has been too long.

El was being *loud*, bouncing on his lap as fast as she could, whimpering and shaking. She tried to stifle her sounds by biting on his neck, not wanting to wake the babies.

The bed creaked underneath them, and Mike began to buck up into her uncontrollably, like his body had a mind of it's own.

"Fuck!" He screeched, panting into her shoulder.

He hit a good part and she *screeched*, feeling limp in his arms as her hips desperately tried to go faster.

"Oh god you feel so good!" El cried, feeling the rush starting to bubble down there.

She moved so much and so fast he worried the bed could break.

"That's it," he held onto her tightly, "That's it El, take it all in," He purred into her ear, the slapping sound of skin overfilling the room.

He pulled back so he could savor the sight, her chest bouncing up and down with her rapid movements, her hips going in a movement that drove him crazy, and the wetness dripping onto him.

"M-Mike, Mike," she gasped, knowing the feeling is about to cum.

"You gonna cum again for me?" He smirked, reaching down to rub her nub.

She couldn't respond, cause the next thing he knew she *screamed* with what seemed like thousands of whimpers and moans coming right after, her limbs going everywhere and shaking, not being able to stay still.

This caused Mike to go over the edge too, and they both shook and

moaned together, latching onto each other like they were their life line.

"O-oh g-god," El breathed, jerking and sweating, raising her face to see Mike's.

He smiled at her, his cheeks burnt red, and she smiled too, that dorky smile of his being so contagious.

They sat there for a few minutes, their breathing going back to normal and no longer shaking.

El raised herself, hissing as she felt all their mess fall out, and collapse on his side, immediately wrapping him in her arms.

Mike disposed of the condom and cuddled her back. He smiled into her frizzy hair.

'What a girl.'

26. Bundle of Joy

The sound of a pregnancy test hitting the floor was the sound El Wheeler wouldn't forget.

She dropped it in shock, almost not believing that it had *two lines*. So there it laid, with the other five pregnancy tests that all read; pregnant.

Her hands started trembling until she broke out in sobs. Too many emotions were going on in her head. Fear, shock, happiness...? She didn't know how to take this news.

And she definitely didn't know how *Mike* would take this news.

In bad timing, Sarah and Arley walked into the bathroom where El sat on her knees, crying into her hands.

"Mommy?" Arley hugged her teddy bear tightly.

El stiffened and wiped her eyes, cracking a smile at her two beautiful daughters.

"You two are supposed to be asleep," El smiled, picking them up and leading them back to their bedroom.

"But you were sad," Sarah frowned, fear sparkling in her faded eyes.

"I'm not sad. Don't worry about me, mommy will be fine," she reassured, and tucked Sarah in first, then Arley, giving them both forehead kisses.

She looked at them one more time before turning off the light and closing the bedroom door.

She sighed and walked into hers and Mike's bedroom, flopping onto the bed with the assortment of pregnancy tests in her hands.

She ran her hand through her hair, thinking how in the world this couldn't happen. Sure, she and Mike engaged in a few- a lot of intimate moments after Sarah and Arley were born, but they were always safe.

Not once did they forget a condom, putting them in the nightstand drawer so it's not easy to forget. El figured the condom must have broke at one point.

She rolled to her side and opened the nightstand drawer, picking up one of the many wrapped condoms that laid there.

"I'm never buying this brand again," El said.

She got a notepad and a pen that were also in the drawer, and went to her to-do list.

'To-do: buy different condoms.'

Mike came home not too long after, and when El heard that door click and a "Babe I'm home!" from Mike, her heart beat instantly began to pound with anxiety.

"Darling?" Mike questioned, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion knowing that normally she'd be running up to him in a heartbeat and giving him a hug or a kiss.

El didn't have much time to think as she heard Mike walking up the steps. She hid the test behind her back for now, and looked down at her feet in worry.

Mike reached their bedroom, knowing by the first glance at her, something was wrong. He could read her eyes like a book.

He quickly sat next to her, throwing an arm around her to bring her closer and giving a peck on her cheek.

"Hey..." He rubbed her arm comfortingly, "What's wrong?"

El tried to talk but sobs came out instead, throwing herself into Mike's arms with her tears staining his shirt.

"Shhhh it's okay El, it's okay," Mike didn't know the problem but he knew that it'll be better long as they were both with each other.

It was a few minutes before Ep could talk again, wiping her eyes and sniffing, finally making eye contact with him.

She stared at those two, dark brown eyes that were so filled with love; she couldn't bring herself to say it.

Mike interlocked both of their hands together, giving them a squeeze. "I love you El, don't be scared to tell me," Mike smiled, leaning in to give her a quick peck on the lips.

"I-I'm scared y-you won't want to b-be together anymore after I tell you," El started to cry again, but before she could Mike wiped the tears away.

"Nothing is going to make me stop loving you El," Mike told her seriously, though he was starting to get a bit anxious of the next words to come out of her mouth.

"I'm pregnant," El finally blurted out, looking down at the ground. She didn't want to see Mike's reaction, and even if she did want to, she couldn't.

Mike was speechless, like time stopped, widening his eyes in surprise.

"P-please say something," El trembled, feeling nauseated and scared.

Mike smiled and cupped her cheeks, bringing her into a long, passionate kiss.

"W-We're having another baby?" Mike sniffed, tears pricking his eyes as a wide smile formed on his face.

A slight grin formed on El's lips, and nodded just the slightest.

Before she knew it she was picked off the bed and her feet dangling off the ground, Mike spinning her as he held her close, chuckling and cheering of happiness.

He put her back onto the bed and crawled on top of her, kissing anywhere he could on her face, which made El burst out into giggles.

"Mike," she laughed and handed him one of the pregnancy tests, Mike taking it into his hand and staring at it with tears rolling down his face.

Mike hugged her again, as they both cried, but not of fear anymore; of happiness.

Mike lowered himself and lifted her shirt just above her stomach, placing a kiss to it.

"We'll have another bundle of joy coming our way," he smiled and gave her stomach another kiss.

El stared at Mike with love, knowing she loves him so much it hurts.

"I love you," El sighed, bringing his face back up so she could kiss him.

"I love you too beautiful," He replied, and kissed her so many times on the lips he can't even count.

He rolled off of her and immediately brought her into his arms, running his hand through her curls.

"Do you think it'll be a boy or a girl?" Mike asked, tears still in his eyes.

"I don't care, as long as it's with you," she smiled and snuggled into his chest, relieved Mike took this news well.

"We're buying different condoms," She laughed and Mike snorted.

27. Passion

The door slammed the wall forcefully as two lovebirds stumbled in, sighs and pants from kissing so hard heard between each time their lips collided.

His fingers rubbed her crotch as El wrapped her arms around his neck, moaning a bit as Mike pinned her against the wall.

"Mike," she moaned, "That feels so good, please." Each word she said was interrupted by several short kisses.

"Mmm" Mike mumbled as he kissed her neck, leaving countless love bites that she'd find in the mirror later.

His fingers sped up as their limbs flew everywhere, somehow starting to discard their clothes even with all the rough kissing.

"Mike, now, please," she begged, fumbling with the elastic of her skirt that only went down to the middle of her thighs. She pulled it down, revealing her underwear that was completely useless by now.

"So eager, haven't even made it to the bedroom yet," Mike teased as he unbuttoned El's blouse.

"Now Mike, I can't-" El squeezed her thighs together, the burning sensation so strong it almost brought tears to her eyes.

"Please," El breathed, tugging is belt, "Need you so bad," she threw her head back as his fingers went faster, so close to her sweet spot but still not there; it was driving her crazy.

They tried to get to the bedroom, slamming into a few walls or hitting furniture every now and then, so caught up in the physical contact that they didn't care. Mike kissed her all around; her swollen pink lips especially, but went to her neck and earlobe too, always making her gasp.

As they made their way, pieces of clothing were discarded in the hallways that they'd pick up later.

They finally made it to the bedroom door, El's back crashing against

it, as she was kissing Mike as roughly as she could as Mike tried to fumble with the door nob.

Mike got it open and held her back to make sure she didn't fall, flopping onto the bed as El squirmed underneath him with only a bra and panties on and Mike only with boxers.

Their hands went everywhere on each other's bodies as El's thighs trembled with neediness; that didn't go unnoticed by Mike.

He smirked and pulled away from their makeout session, only to be pulled back by two arms wrapping around his neck.

"No," El pouted, and Mike chuckled.

"Don't you want me to make you feel better?" Mike traced his finger along her inner thigh teasingly, smirking up at El as she nodded her head multiple times.

His finger traced up to her panties, feeling the fabric between his two fingers and the lace ends.

"Mike," El grabbed his shoulders, "No teasing, please, I need you."

Mike smiled and brought her underwear down in one swift motion, laying his eyes on her. Her walls were fluttering and opening for him, and her clit was swollen and jumping a little. Her wetness was only getting worse the longer Mike stared at it.

He broke out of his trace and brought his fingers to her sweet spot, making El almost choke.

He played with it a little, massaging the little button, "Should I rub this a little to make it feel better? It's so swollen, I bet it needs some attention," He said all while staring into El's eyes.

"Mike, Mike," El cried as her fingernails dug into his shoulders, "Please! I can't take it!"

He kissed her lips before he started a slow, circular motion, El's legs jerking close with the pleasure.

"Keep your pretty thighs open for me El," He purred and rolled that button around again.

"I- can't-" she screeched as the pleasure was like it was electric, going

through her body and making her shake.

Mike used his other hand to keep them open, her legs always trying to close but he wouldn't let them.

"Mike, I need you, *all* of you," she whined, her head to her side, drooling onto the pillow as Mike played with her.

She gestured to the spot in his boxers tugging them down to let what she craved so badly free.

She bit her lip as she looked at it, smiling at it and lining it up to her center.

"Put it in," She begged, looking up at Mike with twinkling, lustful eyes.

Mike ignored her command and instead snapped her bra apart, letting the straps fall from her shoulders until it was completely off and on the ground.

Just how he likes it, her completely bare, gorgeous body underneath him squirming and whimpering.

She wiggled her hips around to try to put at least a little of Mike in her, but it didn't work and she groaned.

"Mmm, that's what I love El, so desperate," He smirked as he rubbed his hands up and down her sides, sometimes reaching up to give her chest a little squeeze.

El blushed and covered her red cheeks with her hands, only to be removed from Mike a few seconds later.

"Don't cover up that beautiful face," Mike leaned in and gave her a kiss.

"Mike," she grabbed the sheets, her hips raising in discomfort from all the tingliness.

"Just- take me *please!*" Her chest was heaving and she was dripping onto the sheets, "I need you more than ever just do it!"

Mike smiled and flipped her over so her stomach was on the bed, then brought her up so she was standing on her hands and knees.

"Will you let me try something different?" Mike purred as his hands wandered around her behind.

"Yes," She was so desperate she didn't care how Mike gave it to her, "try it."

Mike started to push into her pulsing opening and El whined and whimpered by how slow he was going.

Mike noticed her sounds of dissatisfaction and decided to push into her in one swift motion, a gasp and then a low moan coming out of her throat.

It was clear she wanted him as hard and fast as she got him before, so Mike didn't start out slow, instantly pounding her, the bead creaking and rocking beneath them.

El reached out for the closest thing she could find, hugging a pillow and biting into it, embarrassed of her moans that were so loud they sounded like screams.

His movements kept on for a couple of minutes before he suddenly stopped, El looking back at him with a frown and furrowed eyebrows.

"Show me how much you want it El," Mike bent over and whispered in her ear.

El knew what he meant, and began moving her hips herself, going back and forth as Mike was enjoying watching.

"That's it baby," He reached under and found her clit, "You're driving me crazy."

She felt the bubbling feeling start to explode, and Mike flipped her back over and entered back into her, touching wherever he could. He played with her clit and the weight of her chest, enjoying how it rose and fell with each thrust.

"I'm close," Mike groaned and buried his face into her neck.

It seemed like El was close too because before he knew it, she

clenched around him and jerked her hips up, the sensation stronger than it ever was before. Her moans were more like gurgles, her breath taken away from the fast movements of his hips.

He pulled out of her quickly and reached his finish too, both holding each other tightly as they got through the pleasure together.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows and his teeth clenched as it seemed like forever before he stopped cumming, opening his eyes to see it all over El's stomach.

She was squirming and she had tear tracks from the pleasure on her red cheeks, whimpering and whining as the aftershocks rippled through her.

He interlocked their lips together for a few seconds then rolled off of her, taking her into his arms.

"Mike," she breathed and jerked again, Mike chuckling slightly at the state she's in.

"Better," she smiled, "Much better."

She giggled as she looked down, seeing Mike's marks on her stomach and touched it.

Mike's face went red and pulled her hand away, using the blanket to wipe up the remains.

"We'll have to wash the sheets," Mike laughed as El's juices dripped onto them.

She snuggled into his chest and mumbled, "That was so much better than going to the movie theater with the party."

He snorted, "Yes it was."

28. Giggles

Dustin was jealous of Mike.

No, he did not have a crush on El. And no, he wasn't jealous of Mike's relationship with her.

He was jealous that Mike could make her laugh, and he couldn't.

Dustin always made the party laugh at his silly jokes or actions, whether it was on purpose or just plain stupid. He was the king of laughs in the party. He could make anyone laugh in no time.

All, except for El.

He's tried everything! But no laugh comes out of her mouth. Mike makes it look so *easy*.

They were sitting on the couch one night in El's cabin when the party was having a sleepover; Dustin nervously fumbling with his fingers thinking of a way to make her laugh.

El was looking the opposite way at the bathroom door, staring at it until Mike walks out. She waited impatiently, the seconds feeling like minutes.

She broke out of her trance when she felt a tap on her shoulder, so she looked over to see a wide smirk on Dustin's face.

"Hey El," Dustin smiled.

"Yes?" She asked, tilting her head a little.

Dustin pinched his nose and did that weird mouth noise he does, except this time it was more high-pitched and the nose pinching made it sound squeaky.

Dustin waited for a laugh, but El just sat there, confused with furrowed eyebrows and glanced back at the door.

Damn, not even a chuckle?

Just then, Mike walked out of the bathroom and smiled when he saw

El reaching her arms out for him.

"Tired?" Mike asked, and kissed her forehead.

El nodded, "Carry me!"

Mike chuckled and he picked up El off the couch, throwing her onto his back as El wrapped her legs around his torso and her arms around his neck.

Mike playfully piggy-back rode her into her bedroom, El giggling the whole way as she bounced and latched onto Mike's body, liking the feeling of being so close.

She smiled and giggled into his hair, inhaling his scent, her cheeks filled with red flush.

As they left Dustin's view, he sighed and groaned, feeling defeated.

Mike just picked her up and she laughed for *minutes*? How?

Lucas came up to him who was in the kitchen, and patted Dustin's shoulder.

"Better luck next time buddy," He said and continued to fill his mouth with snacks.

Dustin overheard giggling one time from El's room; he wasn't *trying* to be a creeper, but he looked in the room.

Mike was tickling her sides as she looked like she would almost fall off the bed, her face red and she could barely breathe from all the laughter. All while Mike had his heart eyes on her, of course.

'*Tickling*.' Dustin thought, '*Tickling is the key*.'

Though the next day, when he tried to sneak up behind her and surprise-tickle her she slapped his arms away and protested that "only Mike could touch her."

Dustin may have failed at making her laugh again, but she sure did make him and the party burst out laughing and Mike's face turn red.

It was another sleepover, but this time, it was at Mike's house, specifically, in the basement.

Max was throwing popcorn into Lucas's mouth and El and Mike were blushing and cuddling at the corner of the couch like always, as they all played Monopoly together.

Will was going his turn and Lucas got mad at him because Will got most of his money, but Max calmed him down.

Dustin wasn't paying attention, instead starting at Mike and El whispering into each other's ears and laughing and smiling.

Dustin seriously wanted to know what Mike was whispering into her ear that made her laugh like that, but he couldn't hear.

Dustin was fed up, and he sprung onto his feet, instantly singing a song super, *super* off pitched on purpose.

Dustin smiled when he realized he made Max, Lucas, and Will laugh, but got disappointed when El wasn't laughing at him, but instead furrowing her eyebrows in confusion, almost *fear*.

She latched onto Mike's arm, "Mike?"

Mike chuckled and threw an arm around her, "He's just just being weird, El."

"Sounds terrible," El blurted out honestly, and everyone laughed. Dustin sat there, defeated once again.

Dustin figured, the only way to make her laugh is to bring up Mike.

"Heeey Elll!" Dustin wiggled his eyebrows at her.

"Hmm?" El picked up one of Mike's habits; humming with question.

Dustin rolled his eyes at how in love she is with Mike that she wishes she could *be* Mike.

"Did you know, Mike peed his pants in first grade?" He asked, raising his eyebrows.

El widened her eyes, "Really?"

"Really. He also was afraid of girls," Dustin said, and El looked more intrigued.

"Mike brought flowers for Lucas once cause he pushed him off the swing set," and at this, El giggled.

Finally.

Dustin stood up and cheered, startling El a bit, and ran out congratulating himself.

El wished Dustin stayed longer to tell her more stories.

29. Get the Message

El tapped her pencil against her paper, reading it over and over even though she knew she'll never understand it unless she got help; Help from Mike to be exact. Mike is her science nerd, and this was a science paper, the numbers and words like 'photosynthesis' confusing her.

So El invited Mike over to help her "study." In reality, she wanted nothing to do with this science paper, instead wanting to just be *near* Mike and hold him close. This was her excuse to invite Mike over.

She bit the end of her pencil and blushed thinking about him, flopping her back onto the bed and giggling about him. She just wanted to pinch those cute freckled cheeks and kiss him over and over-

As if her daydream came true, she heard a tap against her window. She squealed excitedly and ran up to her window to open it, bouncing up and down as she grabbed Mike's hands to pull him in.

"Hey," Mike chuckled, seeing her bounce on her tippy toes and clap her hands together.

"I missed you," El engulfed him with a big, tight hug, putting her ear up against his chest to hear his heartbeat.

"I missed you too, even if I saw you yesterday," Mike held her back, both swaying a little until they finally let go.

Mike walked over to her bed and picked up the science paper she was working on.

"So you need help on this?" Mike asked.

El frowned a little, *'oh right; that.'*

"Urm... yeah," she nodded her head just slightly, sitting down next to Mike.

She rested her chin on his shoulder as he started talking, not bothering Mike.

"So the first question... what does photosynthesis do; do you know what that word means?" He asked, only to then feel the soft touch of

her fingers against his cheeks.

El was counting his freckles, poking the little dots that looked like stars. Mike's face went red and he stumbled on his words before he got anything out.

"El," Mike lowered her hands, "You should focus."

El frowned but nodded, going back to her original position but a bit closer to his neck now.

"Err... so photosynthesis is when the plants, um- use the s-sunlight t-to..." Mike found it hard to focus when her warm, steady breaths bounced off his neck, El giving him tiny soft pecks on the cheek.

"E-El... Wh-what are you doing?"

"Mmm..." She smiled into Mike's shoulder, "I love you."

Mike's face burned red and he resisted the urge to kiss her, her adorable face and pouty lips dragging him in, but he knew that she needed to get these worksheets done so she couldn't eventually go to school with them. Kissing wouldn't help.

"E-El... I need to help you with this..."

El rubbed her hands up and down his arm, whining into his ear, looking up at him with those puppy dog eyes that always made his heart explode.

El smiled and wrapped her arms around his warm body, snuggling against him.

"I wuv you," her voice was mumbled from her mouth against his shoulder.

This girl can really make him feel like he's falling in love over and over again.

"I love you too El, but-"

"Kissies," El brought her head up to make eye contact with Mike, "I want kiss," she pouted.

Mike inhaled and clutched his hands in fists to remain in control, he has to be a good boyfriend, he has to make sure she does well on her work and help her through this.

"El..."

El tugged his arm, "I don't want to work, I want to kiss." She said bluntly.

Mike cracked a smile, "You never invited me over to study, did you?" He teased a little.

El sighed in relief as he finally got the message, shaking her head at how much of a dork he was.

"I'll just get Hopper to help me later," she said, "I just missed you," she admitted.

"Fucking hell," Mike gave in and kissed her instantly, both smiling into the kiss which made it a bit sloppy but they didn't care.

El wrapped her arms around his neck and Mike placed his hands on her hips, their lips moving against each other in a rhythm. Mike was panicking inside because they've only gone as far as pecks, so this was exciting.

The kiss eventually broke when El started giggling against his lips, that laugh so darn contagious that Mike couldn't help but to laugh too, both chuckling and giggling against each other's mouths, sometimes interrupted by a peck every few seconds.

Mike brought his lips to other parts of her face, kissing anywhere he could, her nose, forehead, cheeks, even her damn chin.

"I love you," Mike mumbled against her cheek and gave her another peck on her lips.

"I love you more," El said, and Mike brought his head up to give her a playful look.

"That's impossible, I love you more," Mike argued, raising his eyebrow.

El shook her head, "No I do."

Mike began tickling her sides which made her burst out laughing, her back falling against the bed, with Mike soon following by her side.

"S-St-top!" El laughed, and Mike obeyed, now knowing her weakness.

"I still love you more though," El grinned.

Mike rolled his eyes playfully, "Do you want me to tickle you again?"

El giggled, "No."

"That's right, so I love you more."

El threw a pillow at him, careful not to hurt him.

This playful argument lasted for an hour before Hopper kicked Mike out tired of hearing them.

30. Lost Chance

Mike loves El.

There's no doubt about it.

When he hears the word "love," her face always comes up in his mind. When someone mentions anything about her, he finds himself smiling. When his friends tease him about his 'crush,' his cheeks get red. He wants to be her one and only, to give her everything he has, to claim her as his.

But there's one problem. He hasn't said it yet.

Every time he wants to say it, he always gets interrupted by something or someone, or just chickens out. He doesn't understand why it's so hard; he can't bare to say it, even though the words are trying to itch their way out of his throat.

So many 'what if' questions get in the way.

"What if she doesn't like me back? What if she thinks this is weird? What if she'll stop hanging out with me? What if she doesn't even know what love is?"

He can't help it. He's an over-thinker.

Months have gone by and he still hasn't said it. But there is no need to anymore.

Because El has a boyfriend.

When he heard the boy, James, talk about his new girlfriend, Jane, he froze. He didn't know what to do but to run to the bathroom and lock himself in a stall and cry.

He sat on the close-lidded toilet and buried his face into his knees, sobbing loudly. In his head, he was calling himself stupid for crying about this, but also; it felt like his heart tore into pieces then stomped on by an elephant.

The party noticed his sudden outburst so Will went to go check up on him. He opened the bathroom door quietly and immediately heard the sound of crying. *Hard* crying.

"Mike?" Will questioned, standing outside of the stall he sat in.

Mike stiffened not knowing he came in, and his cheeks flushed of embarrassment.

He wiped his cheeks trying not to cry as he said, "Y-yeah?" The way he said that single word, made it obvious that he's holding back his sobs.

"What's wrong?" Will asked calmly, not wanting to stress him out more.

Mike didn't respond, he couldn't, because when he thought about it again, he released the flood gates.

"Hey hey..." Will frowned, "Whatever it is it'll be okay."

"It won't be okay!" Mike snapped, and Will jumped back a little.

"Because c-clearly El d-doesn't like m-me because s-she's with..." He sobbed again.

"What?! Of course El likes you it's so obvious-"

"She has a boyfriend!"

Will was left there with his jaw open, trying to wrap his head around it. El likes Mike, El *loves* Mike; she told him herself. Why would she have somebody else?

After thirty minutes or so, Mike finally stopped crying, his sobs turning into sniffles, and Will got him to get out of the stall. Will was trying not to be mean but when Mike walked out, he looked *awful*. His eyes were swollen and red and his cheeks had countless tear marks and were flushed, and he had snot dripping from his nose.

Mike washed up a bit and made his way back to the cafeteria, avoiding El for the rest of the day, cause if he looked at her, he's start

crying again. It happened four times that day.

The next morning he woke up with a smile, only to be replaced by tears.

He had a dream about El, they were on the couch at her house, El snuggling into his chest. They were kissing as Star Wars was playing on the television, and right when El was leaning in for another kiss, he woke up.

Mike buried his face into his pillow, the fabric soaking up all his tears, feeling so depressed and lost that he just wanted to stay in bed all day and cry.

But he remembered the guys wanted to play D&D with him today to hopefully cheer him up, so after ten minutes of crying he got himself up.

He didn't care about his outfit or eat breakfast, so many thoughts running through his mind about El, the dream, and her *boyfriend*.

After he set up the game, he sat at the table and ran his fingers through his hair. His fists slammed onto the table in anger, asking himself why he didn't ask her earlier. Why didn't he tell her he loved her sooner? More tears fell from his eyes as he kept telling himself he was so *stupid*.

When the boys arrived all of them noticed his face looked a bit... off... but no one but Will knew the situation so they shrugged it off. Will gave him a pat on the back and whispered, "are you okay?" Which Mike replied with a little nod, though they both knew that was a lie.

It was hard for Mike to run the D&D game when he wasn't excited about it at all; saying the story in a very monotone voice.

The boys got tired of it eventually until Dustin had a great idea.

"Hey, why don't we invite El over?" He asked, kinda confused on why she wasn't here already.

"Yeah! Once she's here Mike gets all soft and happy!" Lucas

commented, nudging Dustin for his good idea. Will stayed silent.

"Yeah they're always sucking face and cuddling-"

They stopped once they looked over and found Mike crying.

He wasn't full out sobbing yet silent tears falling as he looked down, trying to blink away the tears.

"Mike? What's wrong?" Lucas asked, concerned about his friend.

Mike tried to answer but it came out as a choked sob, so the boys crowded around Mike to soothe him as he cried.

His cheeks flushed of embarrassment and he tried to hold back as best he could but he just couldn't, and let it all flow as they rub his back and tell him comforting words.

"E-El..." Mike tried to speak, "h-has a b-boyfriend."

Dustin and Lucas share equally confused and shocked glances at each other. El privately told them her feelings for Mike, it made no sense why she'd be together with someone else.

They let him cry for a little while, allowing him to get all his emotions out knowing he'd be too broken to talk about it. Cause he couldn't.

Mike knew he couldn't ignore El forever. So for one sunny day, he hesitantly biked over to the cabin in the woods.

El noticed him outside the window and immediately ran outside, not catching his stressed face because she engulfed him in a tight hug.

"Mike." She sighed happily, closing her eyes and feeling his heartbeat against her ear, "I missed you."

Mike blushed and his lips were trying to twitch into a smile, but he remembered he had to move on.

Mike didn't hug her back or kiss her on the head like he *always* did, which made El frown a little but she didn't think too much of it.

El tugged on his shirt and smiled up at him.

"Lets go inside," her eyes were twinkling, and Mike wished she didn't have to be so *damn adorable*.

Mike followed her inside and bit his lip seeing her cute ponytail sway as she walked and her yellow dress with white floral prints on it blow in the slight wind. He shook his head, wishing he didn't have to be such a love-sick dork. He finds everything about her cute. How will he ever get over her?

Once he walked in El was already sitting on the couch patting the spot next to her, so Mike awkwardly sat where instructed.

She leaned against him and wrapped her arms around him like she always does, snuggling her face into his shoulder and using *those eyes* to tell him she wanted a kiss. Mike always knew what those eyes meant, and he'd always lean down and kiss her.

El closed her eyes, waiting for that bliss of Mike's soft lips against hers that would anyways make her melt, but she didn't feel anything.

She waited for about ten seconds befits she gave up and opened her eyes to see Mike looking away with a red face and biting his nails.

Mike *had* to look away. She was using those puppy eyes and being so close to him he knew he couldn't take it any longer. His heart beat was increasing and he was blushing, knowing fully that he'd never get over her. But he won't believe that.

Plus, why was she being so touchy anyways? What would her *boyfriend* think if she caught her like this?

El frowned and scooted farther away from Mike, but not too far that their knees weren't touching. She looked down at her nails wondering why Mike is being so distant.

It was an uncomfortable silence.

Mike cleared his throat awkwardly and stuttered, "um... so do you want to study o-or..."

"Um," El brushed a hair behind her ear, not knowing why Mike would suggest studying when he was almost always the one interrupting their study sessions with kisses, "Y-yeah sure."

Mike got out some textbooks he had in his bag that he brought, and El's mood decreased. When she invited him over she was hoping he could read her a story or make eggos or take a walk in the forest, not do *school things*.

Mike was talking about some science thing when El decided to try again, and leaned her head on his shoulder. But to her surprise he moved away causing her head to fall off his shoulder.

El was surprised and looked down at her feet.

It was a minute later when Mike finally looked over to El, only to notice she was crying, biting her lip to make sure it wasn't too noticeable.

"El?" Mike questioned bringing her face up with his finger. This would be going against his rule of trying not to care so much about her but she was *crying*. It's too painful to see.

"W-why," El sniffed, "Why don't you like being close with me anymore?"

Mike sighed, "Your boyfriend wouldn't like it."

El furrowed her eyebrows, "You're my boyfriend."

Mike turned red, "W-what? Um, well I- N-no James is, right?"

El remembered a James slightly, "Oh yeah, he asked me to be his boyfriend. I said sure. But you are my boyfriend too."

Mike rubbed his forehead, "Do you know what a boyfriend is?"

El nodded, "A friend that is a boy."

Mike face-palmed himself. That was it all along.

"ElIIIIII," Mike groaned, "James meant something different."

"He did?"

"He meant that he wanted to do things like kiss and hold hands with you."

El made a disgusted face which Mike couldn't help but to laugh at.

"But I only want to kiss you," El said, and Mike smiled and blushed.

"Then you need to go up to him and tell him you want to break up."

"Break up?"

"Yeah. Breaking the boyfriend-girlfriend thing. Boyfriend means something more than friend."

"More than friend," El repeated and grinned, "Like you."

"Like me," Mike chuckled.

The next day El broke up with James and all his friends made fun of him because his girlfriend broke only after one day.

But that didn't matter, because El had Mike as her one and only.

31. A Calm Day

Mike's eyes fluttered open, adjusting to the brightness of the room and the birds chirping from cracked open window.

He immediately smiled, feeling El smuggled up against him. He sighed happily and yawned; today was Saturday, they didn't need to go to work. That means they can spend all day together.

He turned his head to the side to look at the time; ten-thirty in the morning. It was so nice to sleep in.

Every thing felt so cozy; their house, which they bought in the suburbs, was lit from the sunlight and so warm from the spring morning. They never had a desire to move into a city because both of them like their space and El would get too anxious. So, they bought a nice cabin not too far deep in the woods, surrounded by the garden El spends so much time on everyday and the tall trees and wildlife. El always liked to observe and learn about the world around her. She found everything so fascinating, she could stare at a single flower for hours. So whenever a squirrel or a deer runs by or just simply going out on the porch and looking out to the beautiful setting, she'd always feel so free and happy.

And feeling his beautiful wife's arms wrapped around his torso made the coziness complete. He listened to the wind going through the trees and the birds singing as he stared at her peaceful resting face. Her eyelashes kissing her pink cheeks and her face unblemished. She looked stunning.

Her curls were frizzy and he smiled, gently running his hand through them so he doesn't wake her up. He could feel her steady breaths up against his chest and seeing her so in peace made him the happiest man alive.

'How did I get this lucky?' Mike thought as he softly kissed the top of her head. He stared at her engagement ring sparkling in the sunlight, a symbol that she's his forever. He clicked his ring with hers and sighed happily, almost feeling like he was in a dream.

As much as he didn't want to leave her, he caught a sniff of his armpit and decided he really needed a bath. So he unwrapped his arms around her and slowly rolled from her embrace, careful not to wake her.

He rubbed his eyes and walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He turned on the faucet, and as he waited for the hot water he stripped off his boxers. He figured he would take a bath instead of a shower today, because he wanted to read a book as he got the smell of sweaty armpit gone.

Once the bathtub was filled, he turned off the faucet and stepped in, feeling relaxed by the warm water around him. He sunk deeper in and grabbed his book at the side of the bathtub, and began reading. It was some science nerdy stuff, like always.

El woke up, feeling empty for some reason. But she realized why when she didn't feel Mike in her arms. She sat upright, immediately getting anxious, but she realized that the bathroom door was closed, meaning that he was in it.

She immediately calmed down and rubbed her eyes, walking out of bed and going to the bathroom door. She knocked quietly so she wouldn't startle him. "Mike?"

Mike immediately smiled hearing his wife's beautiful voice. "Hey pumpkin."

"Are you taking a bath?" El asked.

"Yeah."

"Can I come in?"

Mike nodded even if she couldn't see it, "Sure."

She walked in and Mike put down his book as they both beamed at each other. El smiled as she took off her bra and underwear, and stepped in the bath to join him.

She sighed contently as she leaned her back up against his chest, sinking into the warm water. She felt all warm and snuggly, Mike's

arms wrapped around her just right under her breasts and the hot water making her feel so relaxed.

She threw her head back to look up at Mike, and Mike grinned at her.

"Hey," El giggled as she threw her arms up to grab his face and bring him down for a kiss.

"Hi," He replied when the kiss broke.

She brought her head back down and leaned it against his firm chest, sitting in between Mike's legs and her arms thrown across them. She closed her eyes and relaxed, a smile on her lips.

Mike kissed the top of her head as they both enjoyed the silence, the only sounds coming from the nature outside.

Mike reached down to rub her stomach in soothing circles.

"How is our angels doing?"

El smiled and placed her hands on top of his on her stomach, "Kicking a lot but thankfully not as much nausea."

"Eight months, I can't believe it," He exhaled happily, playing with the engagement ring on El's finger.

"I know," She agreed, "Our little peanuts will be born next month."

"I can't wait," Mike said as he brought her hand up to kiss it, earning a cute giggle.

"I can't believe we're having twins," El said, "They'll be so cute."

Mike laughed a little, "Don't dress them up in the same clothes, don't be that mom."

El gasped, "I'm totally being that mom!"

Mike rolled his eyes playfully and gave her head another kiss.

"Whatever makes you happy," Mike smiled.

El didn't respond, only sinking further into his embrace, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the warmth. Mike kept his arms around her, resting his chin on her head and closed his eyes too.

Mike heard her steady breaths get a little heavier, seeing that she was falling asleep.

Mike kissed her shoulder to wake her up from her half-sleeping state.

"Don't fall asleep now, you'll never want to wake up."

El whined but a smile was on her face, "I'm so comfortable," she protested.

"Here, I'll make breakfast and you can stay in here," Mike offered.

"But having you in here is what makes it the most comfortable," she playfully pouted.

Mike laughed, "Well I'm hungry and I want to do something nice. Plus you're pregnant so it's not your job to cook."

El sighed, "Fiiine."

He got out and dried himself off, El sinking in to the water her mouth was just above it. Mike found it adorable.

El watched as he dried himself and smiled, "I think you missed a spot."

Mike raised an eyebrow, "Where?"

El threw water at him and giggled, "Everywhere."

Mike laughed too, rolling his eyes at his playful wife he loved so much.

Once he was dry he bent over to kiss her on the forehead. "I'll be back soon honey," Mike whispered and stroked her flushed cheek.

El raised her head to kiss him on the lips, "Okay."

He walked out of the bathroom and got some random clothes out of

the drawer and put them on, walking to the kitchen.

He got a mug and started the coffee, getting some eggos out of the freezer. After all these years it's still her favorite food.

He also got some eggs out of the fridge and fruit from the fruit basket. He started the heat on the stove when he felt two sneaky arms wrap around his torso. He didn't even hear her.

He smiled wide and placed his arms on top of hers, latching their fingers together as El kissed the back of his neck.

"I missed you," El sighed.

"I was gone for ten minutes," He snorted, but he missed her embrace too.

"I can't get enough of my handsome husband," she giggled, and Mike turned around to see her face.

He pinched her cheeks and shook them around a bit, "You're so cute."

He went down on his knees and lifted her shirt a bit to kiss her stomach.

"You'll be so cute too," He talked to the baby.

El started in admiration at her husband, so happy that they're having a child together.

"You're the cutest though," El giggled and Mike chuckled.

"Should we just have a calm day?" Mike asked.

El nodded, "That sounds perfect."

32. Spice

Okay so... before you read, lemme explain that this is not a full oneshot. It is snippets of ideas I had in my notes and never finished them. The "-" means it goes on to another story.,

Warning: this is some real heavy spice/smut.

Bri, stay out. Juliet and Bella are very welcomed.

El fell onto the mattress, Mike toppling over her in no time, bringing their lips together.

"M-Mike," El whined, wrapping her legs around his waist as Mike planted kisses all around her face.

Mike pinned her hands above her head, latched with his, as he continued to be intoxicated by her scent as he dove into her neck.

"Mike, I feel something..." El breathed, not knowing how to continue her sentence. She bucked her hips up as the odd sensation spread.

Mike grinned.

"Down here...?" Mike asked as he ever so gently traced his finger down her stomach, which made her shiver.

"Make it stop," El whimpered, looking up at Mike with a pout.

"I can do that," he smirked, before continuing to kiss and suck her neck.

It wasn't fair. He knew El wanted to go to school, but she still is not allowed to. Mike knows it will take a while since she has to get caught up, but he doesn't want to remind himself.

He's sat in his chair, bouncing his leg up and down waiting for math class to end.

The sound of the teachers voice is muffled in the background as he doodles on his worksheet, drawing whatever comes to mind, he

knows he's not a great artist but it's a way to not make him die of boredom.

Mike found himself drawing a heart that said "MW + 11," in it. He blushed once he realized what he drew, and smiled. How did the most amazing girl end up to be his?

He bit his lip as he remembered the dream he had about her last night. He couldn't smell or feel her correctly since it was a dream, but it's enough to affect him. The desperate look on her face made him shiver as he thought about her actually making that face under him.

His mind wandered to those pink lips that always drive him insane. The ones that make him want to pin her to a wall and fuck her until she can't walk. The thought of hearing her whimpers because he made her do that was overwhelming.

He wants to make her feel good, he wants to leave her thighs shaking and her head thrown back.

He thought of how she would look like if he left a hickey on her neck. A little love mark that could remind her that she's his.

"Mike... that feels nice," El breathed, as she felt Mike's lips on her neck, grabbing his hair and pushing him further in.

"I know," he smirked against her skin.

As he continued to to kiss her neck, he trailed his hand down along her torso, teasing her a bit.

"Please..." El whined, closing her eyes, so ready for him to reach that spot.

"Please what?" He pushed her.

"Please touch me..." El begged, not even caring if Mike is getting what he wants out of her.

Mike smirked as he picked her up by the thighs off the bed and into the wall. El wrapped her arms and legs around him as her lips get puffy by his kisses.

Mike grinded himself against her, and she let out a whimper and then a low moan.

El widened her eyes and covered her mouth with her hand, feeling embarrassed. It's definitely not a sound she's made before.

"It's okay," Mike said, before grinding against her again, making a sound come out, "if it feels good, you can make noise."

El nodded her head and gripped him tighter, begging for him to keep going without words.

Mike slowly slid his fingers in, making El gasp. He brought his thumb to work her sweet spot as two other fingers explored her insides.

El gripped him tight by the shoulders, having white knuckles.

"M-Mike please!" She screeched, feeling like she could explode.

"Mmm I love when you moan my name," Mike gave her a devilish smile.

"Mike!" El moaned again, now knowing he loves it.

Mike blushed when he felt her insides already start to shake, looking at El as her face was flushed and full of pleasure.

"Must feel good El, you're so wet already. Tell me it feels good," Mike demanded, a playful look on his face.

"I-it feels g-good!" El moaned, barely able to hold on a moment longer.

"You want to cum El, I can tell," Mike smirked, knowing she's trying to hold back.

"N-no," El refused, biting his shoulder to keep her contained.

Mike only sped up his fingers which made things way more hard. El couldn't even last a few minutes, but she wants to show him that she can.

"Come on El, cum for me," Mike knew he was going to win.

"N-no!" El moaned, her whole body shaking, wanting to let go.

"It will feel better once you do," Mike smiled.

El shook her head, not being able to speak words anymore, feeling lightheaded.

"You can't even speak El, must feel amazing." His words only made it worse for El, but that was his goal.

El couldn't stand it any longer and let out a long, loud moan, before letting it out, her back arching and her body

spamming, her mouth wide open.

"There it is," Mike smirked, knowing he would win.

"Mike," El gasped, her face sweaty and her body red.

The shower water slightly hit Mike's back as he held El up by the thighs, resting his forehead on hers.

"El, fuck," Mike groaned, sliding El up and down the wall she was pinned against.

"Ah, Mike," El moaned too, slightly in pain from rubbing against the wall rapidly but it was nothing compared to the feeling she was experiencing in her lower.

"Faster Mike, faster," El begged, knowing she'd feel better that way.

"Going to give it to you," Mike breathed, "going to give it to you so good."

"Please Mike," El moaned.

"M-Mike..." she whined as he played with her clit, rolling it around and pinching it, sending electric jolts through her body.

"Does that feel good baby?" Mike asked teasingly, beginning to go

faster.

"Y-yes," El moaned as his thumb worked his clit and his other fingers rubbing up and down her entrance.

"I-" El was interrupted by a moan, "I-I'm so close..."

"Mm," Mike smirked, "Already? Does it really feel that good baby?"

El gripped his arms tightly, "Mike," she whined as he pinched her clit between his two fingers and resumed rubbing it in circles.

His fingers slipped inside and she squealed, her back arching.

"Cum for me now," Mike commanded, "Let go babe, come on, you know you want to."

"M-mike!"

"Let your juices go baby, let me feel you cum on my fingers."

She couldn't say anything more because she squirted all over Mike's hand, moaning and whimpering as he didn't stop rubbing her clit as she let go.

"That's it," Mike smirked, slowing down his fingers and letting her calm down from her orgasm.

He played with the slippery stuff between his fingers, "There's a lot, must've felt good," he teased.

El went red but nodded.

El's lower lips sucked in Mike's shaft, rubbing her clit back on fourth as he panted.

"Mmhhh," El moaned behind her lips, "Right there..."

"Fuck," Mike threw his head back, "How does this feel so good."

Pre-cum dripped onto his stomach as the sounds of wet skin crowded the room.

"Mike," She gasped as she hit a good spot, "I can't. I have to cum."

"That's okay baby, let go," Mike smirked and grabbed her hips to make her go faster.

"But I-" She sighed, "I want to wait for you-ah..."

"It's okay babe. Go ahead, let me see it."

"I-" El gasped and couldn't finish her sentence as she let go, falling into Mike's arms and feeling completely weak.

El couldn't help but to grip the sheets tightly as Mike pounded her from behind.

"Shit," Mike panted, "Fuck you feel so good."

"Yeah?" El teased, reaching behind her to thumb her clit.

"This mini skirt," Mike sighed as he stared at the fabric, "Is so fucking hot- fuck..."

"You gonna cum?" El asked as she could feel him twitching inside her.

Mike leaned forward, his breath hot and heavy in her ear as he wrapped his arms around her torso.

"So fucking gorgeous," Mike panted, "I can't go on for much longer."

"That's okay," El breathed, "Don't hold back."

Mike skin slapped against hers roughly, El knowing he's really fucking desperate. Ever since he saw her in that skirt today, he wanted to do nothing than pound her and stretch her open so hard she would forget who she is. The speed he was going was the fastest he could go, and even though it hurt the tiniest bit for El, she didn't mind.

"Shiiit... so good," he groaned as he released inside of her.

"Shhh..." Mike slapped a hand over her mouth, "You're being too loud

baby."

El whined, "It's too good." She protested.

They were having a sleepover with the party before El woke him up with gentle kisses on his neck, touching herself as she did it. When Mike woke up and El showed him her drenched pussy below the sleeping bag, indicating she was in the mood, they rushed upstairs.

"You wanted this so bad, didn't you?" Mike whispered as he thrustled up into her. "Touching yourself, getting yourself so nice and wet for me."

El eagerly nodded her head and threw her head back against the wall where they stood, against the door of Mike's bedroom, with him thrusting up into her.

El moaned loudly when he hit a particularly good spot, and Mike sushed her with a kiss.

"Baby," Mike whispered into her ear, "I know it feels good, but you got to be quiet."

"I can't," El panted, feeling him fill her up again, "Fuuuck..."

El never really cursed during sex, so Mike knew this felt paticularly good.

Her thighs shook rapidly and Mike was surprised it wasn't her orgasm.

"So good," she bit her lip and looked down to watch him slide into her over and over, "I'm going to cum."

Mike smirked, "There it is."

El grabbed his arms tightly, "It's... going to be loud," she warned.

Mike nodded his head, knowing he could do nothing to stop it.

"Ohhh... right there Mike," She gasped.

"Yeah? That feel good?" Mike teased.

"Oh Mike, oh fuck," she could feel it coming any minute.

"Oh baby, I can see you dripping onto the floor, it's a lot," Mike observed.

"Mike!" She suddenly screamed and clenched him tightly, and before he could be worried about the sound she made, he got to his release.

"Shiiitttt..." Mike groaned and shuddered.

33. Happy Birthday, Mike

El pinned him against the bed as her tongue traced the outline of his lips, swallowing the groan that escaped Mike's mouth. His hands grip her hips so tight as if she was his oxygen, sometimes his fingers wandering up to give a squeeze to her chest. El gasped as his tongue asked for entrance, which El happily agreed to. Their tongues dance in a rhythm, creating a war in their mouths; both fighting for dominance. As they battle with their tongues, Mike pushes himself upwards so he can lay against the headboard, with El following and placing herself right on his lap.

How did this happen? Short story: It's Mike's birthday. El walked in and stripped off her clothes, wearing lingerie. Mike kisses her. They rush to the bedroom. Then back to now.

Mike closes his eyes at the sensation that small movement gave him, and El noticed, so she moved her hips forwards then back once to drive him crazy. Which it did. He threw his head back and groaned, making her hips move by his hands because of his neediness.

"Have you been enjoying your birthday?" El giggled, sucking on his neck.

"I-" He for interrupted by a moan that left his mouth when El hit a sensitive spot under his ear.

"This birthday-" El pecked him on the lips, "Is probably," another kiss, "The best-" A kiss and a biting on the lip, "I've ever had."

El giggled, sitting up straight, which Mike gave a whimper of protest and reached his arms out for her to kiss him more, but she did not obey, instead taking his shirt off over his head and throwing it onto the floor who knows where.

She smiled and leaned back down to kiss him, giving about three pecks before she pulled away again.

"El?" Mike questioned.

El started grinding on him in a slow movement, making him lose his breath. "We're going to play a game."

"Does that game involve me putting my dick in you cause I don't think I can take it anymore," Mike joked.

El giggled and slapped his chest playfully, "Yes, it does."

Before Mike could do anything she continued, "But there are rules."

Mike groaned, "Ew, rules."

El laughed at him.

"So I'm going to ride you-"

"Fuck yeah."

"Micheal Wheeler I am not done yet!" She giggled.

"What?" He smirked, "A guy can't be excited when he hears his hot wife is going to ride him?"

El rolled her eyes playfully, "Do you want this or not?"

"I do."

"Then be quiet as I explain the rules," El teased, poking his chest, and Mike nodded.

"So I am going to ride you, but there is a catch. I won't let you cum until you reach the edge three times. On the third one I'll let you finish. So once you feel like you're about to cum, let me know and I'll stop," El explained with a smirk on her face.

"And what happens if I don't follow those rules?" Mike asked with an eyebrow raised.

El thought on that for a moment. "No sex for two weeks."

Mike widened his eyes, "I can't do that!"

El giggled, "So you better follow the rules then."

Mike threw his head back and sighed, looking at El with narrowed eyes, "You're evil."

She laughed. "I know. This will be fun."

"So you give me sex for my birthday," he breathed as she un-buckles his belt, "Which is the best gift ever by the way," He continued as she slid his pants down his legs, "But you won't let me fully enjoy it till the third time? Wow El, wow," He chuckled as just his boxers were left, covering the area which was throbbing and aching to come out.

"Correct," El winked as she took what she wanted so desperately out of his boxers.

She licked her lips, "Ready?"

Mike took a while to respond, the feeling of her hand wrapped around him making him dizzy, but he came back to reality and responded with a weak, "Ready."

She moved the lingerie panties to the side and lined herself up, Mike biting his lip as she went slowly down, feeling her walls cover him inch by inch.

Once she took all of him in, they both panted for a few seconds, before El opened her eyes to see a struggling, sweating Mike.

"Feel so good already Mike?" She teased, watching his face with a smirk.

Mike gulped and nodded, wondering how on earth he will do this game of hers.

"Fuck," Mike groaned as she twitched around him, "Why do you always have to feel so damn good." He breathed, "Why are we doing this game again?"

El smiled, "No offense but you don't really have great stamina."

Mike raised an eyebrow, "Look who's talking."

El shoved his shoulder, "I normally last longer than you!" She giggled,

"Anyways, it doesn't take you very long to finish."

Mike was about to pretend to be offended, before he thought of a comeback, "Well maybe it's because you feel so good I can't hold back," he teased and El snorted, erupting into laughter.

After her giggle spree, she remembered the game and began moving her hips.

She moved them back and fourth, wanting to make this extra hard for Mike, showing him a complete view of her clit and the noises their skin makes together.

Mike rested his hands on his chest, enjoying watching her. He bit his lip to fight back any noises he wanted to make. Which half failed, because he would still groan.

Little did Mike know that El was doing the same. She wanted this game to be all about him, but she felt the pleasure herself too, and she didn't want to show Mike that she might cum soon too. This is to tease Mike, not her.

Mike threw his head back, his hands going onto her hips and he squinted his eyes, breathing in and out. His hips bucked and he moaned, a whine coming right after. El enjoyed his sounds, looking down at him with a smile.

"El," he breathed, "I have to stop, I'm sorry."

El smirked and lifted herself up, letting him slip out of her. She sat on his hips as she let him calm down for the next round.

Mike closed his eyes and panted, he was close, almost a bit too close and he was thankful he stopped her in time so he wouldn't have to go without sex for two weeks.

El watched as his shaft twitched and pulsed, obviously ready for more but she wouldn't allow it. She was thankful Mike had to stop, because she didn't know how much longer she could last. The way her clit rubbed up against him and the way he fills her up completely made her want to explode. And it felt so fucking good.

Mike was still panting, but now he could get out words. "Fuck you're hot," was all he said before he groaned as he twitched again, and El blushed and giggled.

After he regained himself and he stopped twitching, he gave El a nod of approval that they could go again.

She smiled and took in all of him at once, making him groan.

This time she bounced him, the room being filled with skin slapping and grunts from Mike.

This must have felt better for him because he was moaning loudly without any hesitation, bucking his hips up desperately.

"S-shit El!" He choked out, watching him slide in and out of her, "Fuck this feels good!"

El couldn't respond, because she fell into his arms, thrusting her hips and moaning into his skin, closing her eyes. She whined and moaned, hips meeting so desperately and loudly.

"Look who's struggling now El," he teased.

"S-shut up," She went red and whined, fingernails digging into his shoulders.

His curious hands reached behind her and slapped her rear, letting a squeal come out of El's throat.

"Mike!" She gasped, not expecting that.

He squeezed her almost apologetically, a smirk on her face.

"You wear lingerie and expect me not to do that?" He asked with laughter in his tone.

"M-Mike," she gasped as she could feel her insides bubbling, "Are you c-close?" She panted, "Come on Mike, I c-can't, I'm gonna cum any second-"

He lifted her off of him before she could, him being so close that if he

was a second late he would have been done.

They didn't have any words to speak, Mike's head thrown against the pillow and El's face buried in the crook of his neck, whining and shaking against each other.

El's fingers still gripped tightly onto him, her thighs shaking, showing her body is ready for some release.

Mike's mouth is wide open, eyes closed, as his shaft dripped with pre-cum. This game was harder than he ever expected, so desperate for release, it felt like his body wanted to shoot out all the cum it stored in there.

Both of their bodies shook against each other, and when El brought her head up, Mike said, "I think it's you who needs to have more stamina." He chuckled.

El gasped playfully and gave him a narrowed look, "My hunk of a husband is just too much for me to handle," she winked and Mike went red.

El lined herself back up, taking him all in and moving in an instant, so desperate now. This was the round they could finally release.

Her hips moved up and down, in circles, back and fourth; doing everything she could. She wanted to give him her everything.

With two rounds of almost release, it came faster than ever.

"Mike!" She gasped as she moved as fast as she could.

"I'm so close," he grunted, hands gripping onto her hips and bringing her down on him as forcefully as he could.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum," Mike moaned, eyes closed and sweating.

"Don't hold back," El breathed, as Mike's reached down to find her clit, teasing it between his fingers.

El widened her eyes and fell against him, El biting into his chest.

"Come on El," he panted, "Come on baby, almost there, cum for me."

With one big moan and one loud slap of the hips, she let go, a whining and shivering mess, completely limp in his arms. She squirted all over him, so much she didn't know was possible for women.

Mike followed right after, releasing deep inside of her, his vision filled with stars as he felt like he could faint. He held onto her tightly, needing *something* to grasp as he goes through this powerful sensation.

He almost had a headache with how good it felt, his fingernails digging into her back and he bit her shoulder to stop anymore groans from coming out.

El whimpered and whined, Mike caressing her back as she continued shaking.

"That was-" an aftershock rippled through her, "o-oh god!" Her body released a new stream of juices unexpected, causing her mouth to fall wide open and her insides twitch.

She fell beside him, Mike whispering comforting things in her ear as he reached down to pet her drenched lower, relieving some of the tensions and shocks going through her.

She places a hand over his gently as he rubs her lower lips, Mike smiling at her as she began to shake less, opening her eyes at him and giving him a big smile.

She still shakes every now and then so he continues to run and play with the sensitive area that has been devoured.

"Babe?" He questioned to make sure she was okay.

"Mmm..." she smiled and shivered again, "That was- I don't even-o-oh-"

"Shhh, just relax pumpkin," he whispered, looking down to see his cum dripping out of her.

He smiled, thanking god birth control pills exist.

"Are you okay now baby?" He asked.

El nodded so he stopped his finger motions, bringing his hand up to caress her cheek.

"So..." A teasing smirk crept upon his face, "You tease *me* for cumming too early?"

El shoved him, sticking her tongue out playfully.

"God that was so good," Mike sighed, "I don't think I ever cum that hard in my life."

"Not even when I brought that mini-skirt to school that time?" She asked with an eyebrow raise.

Mike pondered on that for a moment, "That's a good point."

She laughed and cuddled closer to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and staring into his eyes, giving him a soft kiss on the lips.

"Happy Birthday Mike."

I didn't proofread this hAhaha oop

34. I Need You

Trigger warning.

He can't really remember the moment in 1986. He's not sure if he *wants* to remember that moment.

All he remembers was El's cold hand going limp in his, everything else becoming a blur.

~divider~

The year is 1987. Mike shivers awake, sinking his face into his pillow when the sunlight peeking out of the window blinds his eyes.

He lays there for god knows how long, sweating from the nightmare he had. It wasn't anything unusual, he's had nightmares ever since that day in 1986.

"Micheal! Come on! It's time to get up! I know it's Sunday but it's one in the afternoon!" Karen yelled while knocking on his door.

"Shut up!" Mike groaned, rolling over on his back.

"That's no way to talk to your mother!" Karen threatened, continuing to pound on his door.

"I don't fucking care!" Mike yelled, throwing a pillow at his door.

Karen knew she could do nothing to stop him. She's gotten used to it. He's acted like this for a year now.

"If you're not up in fifteen minutes I'll ground you," Karen said as she walked away.

Mike rolled his eyes, "Like I care," He mumbled to himself.

He sunk deeper into his pillow, feeling so dizzy. His tongue craved for water and his body needed a shower. He hasn't showered for two weeks.

His nose got overwhelmed by the smell of dirty clothes and mold, his bedroom so messy the floor is not seen. It's covered in sweaty clothes and papers that he ripped out of anger, and the dirty tissues filled with his snot and tears scattered all over.

Not to mention the bucket he keeps next to his bed just in case he has one of those nightmares that makes him throw up right when he wakes up.

Once the dizziness subsided, he just felt so *tired*. So tired his arms felt heavy and his eyes would close on him. So tired of life itself.

A lot longer than fifteen minutes passed and he hasn't moved a muscle. His mom yelled, "You're grounded for a week!" And Mike chuckled because it's not like he doesn't stay in his room all the time anyways now.

An hour passed and he still hasn't moved. But he hasn't slept. He feels too sick to sleep.

It's when the party came crashing into his room that made him move.

The boys and Max came over to his bed where he laid, all exchanging worried glances.

Will held applesauce and a spoon in his hands and Lucas caressed Mike's shoulder, as Dustin and Max stayed there for him.

Mike didn't even greet them, laying on his bed with his eyes closed and back turned towards them like he was completely ignoring they were there.

"Mike," Will finally spoke up, "You have to eat."

Mike groaned into the pillow, curling up in a ball, "Go away."

The party sighed and were at a lost of what to do.

Will opened the lid to the applesauce filled the spoon with the simple food, "Mike, come on."

Lucas pulled the blanket off of him trying to get him to face them,

but he wasn't expecting what he saw.

Mike's body was dangerously skinny and his clothes that he probably hasn't changed in forever is stained with tears, snot, and vomit. His face was so wrinkled from crying so much and you could practically see every bone in his body.

He had to eat, even if he refused to.

Max held his face up as Will put the spoon in his mouth, proceeding to close his mouth.

"Can you swallow for me?" Will asked softly, and Mike obeyed, furrowing his eyebrows in disgust when he felt the soft food go down his sore throat.

They kept that routine, Max opening his mouth for Will to put the food in and closing it so he could swallow.

After three or so minutes of this, Mike felt something gurgling in his throat, turning over to vomit all they gave him out.

Lucas rubbed his back as he threw up, all the party frowning and sighing at what once was a happy guy, to a depressed mess.

Once he was done, he burst into sobs, curling up in a tight ball and holding his stomach.

"It hurts," he whined, "Everything hurts."

The party knew he wasn't just talking about physically hurting, but emotionally hurting.

They let him sob, the tears falling down onto his pillow as he whimpered and whined.

He eventually cried himself to sleep, and the party fixed up his room a bit as he slept.

"Guys," Dustin spoke up, putting clothes into the laundry basket, "I don't know what to do."

Lucas shook his head, "We all don't."

Will bit his fingernails, "I hate seeing him like this."

"Do..." Max said softly, "Do you think he'll ever go back to normal?"

"It's been a year," Lucas sighed, "He'll never be the same. All I want is for him to at least get better."

The party nodded their heads at that.

After thirty minutes of cleaning up, they all stopped what they were doing as they heard whimpers and movements coming from Mike.

He sat up straight slowly, "W-Where's El?"

Lucas sighed. He was having one of these episodes again. They don't really know what it is, it like he's sleep walking but still conscious.

They walked over and calmed him down, "She's in a better place now."

Mike looked at Will with eyes full of tears, "W-what?"

Max let out a tear, "She's not with us anymore."

Mike looked panic-stricken, his breathing becoming heavier and tears falling out of his eyes like a waterfall.

"B-but," He whined, "I need her."

Max began sobbing so Lucas brought her to the corner of the room, everyone in the party letting out a tear or more. They missed her too, but they were never as close as he was to her. They're not in a spiral of emotions like Mike is.

"She needs you too Mike," Will rubbed his thumb over Mike's hand, "She's up there looking down at you right now. She's watching you." Mike broke out into sobs but Will continued, "I bet she's wishing she was with you right now. She wants to say 'I love you.' She's looking out for you, like your guardian angel."

"No," Mike whined, "Why would s-she l-leave me?"

Will squeezed his hand, "She didn't want to, Mike, remember?"

Mike whimpered more so Will continued, "She held your h-hand-" he paused, letting out a year of his own, "And she looked up at you, using her other hand to caress your cheek. She smiled, she smiled because she knew you'd always love her."

Mike broke out of his episode and shook his head, laying back down with his heart still pounding. Silent tears fell from his cheeks and he held his pillow tight.

"I miss her," He said, his lip wobbling, "I miss her s-so much."

Will nodded in understanding. "I know, but you have to move on."

Mike wiped his eyes and scrunched up in pain. Everything hurt. His head was pounding, partly from crying so much and partly because of dehydration. His lips were dry and peeling, and his nose was so stuffed from crying he had to breathe from his mouth, but even that hurt because his tongue was so dry and his throat was so sore. His body ached, so desperate for food and water, desperate for exercise but yet too weak to do so.

And the thing that hurt most was his emotions. He was so emotionally tired, so *drained*. He felt like his half was ripped out, like someone took his heart out of his body. El left and took his happiness with her. El left with his will to live.

He couldn't take the constant pain, the constant longing.

All he wants is to be with *her*.

He's desperate for her kiss. He's desperate for her touch. He *needs* to hold her. To *be* with her. To laugh like they always did. To see her giggle at one of his dorky jokes. To hold hands and run in the field to see the stars, to cuddle up closer when it gets cold. He needs to admire her, to love her.

With the clothes he hasn't taken off in weeks, there was his promise ring he hasn't taken off since he gave her hers.

It's the only thing left of her.

But he needs *her*.

He decided he couldn't take it anymore.

~divider~

Mike woke up the next morning, and Karen was surprised to see him actually come downstairs for once. She smiled at him as she made breakfast. He smiled back, and Karen thought a smile looked delightful on him.

He made sure to wear a baggy sweatshirt and pants so his mom wouldn't notice how skinny he was.

"I'm going to take a walk," Mike said, and Karen nodded.

"Oh and mom?" Karen looked at him, "I love you."

Karen smiled toothily at him, "Awe sweetie I love you too."

Mike smiled and went on his walk.

He walked and walked until he finally came to his destination.

The quarry.

He jumped off of it a long time ago and El saved him. But El can't save him now.

He figured if El was still alive, she'd save him. But she wasn't.

So when he jumped, he first felt relief.

Then pain.

Then black.

And then...

He got El back again.

35. Blood

Mike couldn't help but to stare. She looked so peaceful, so beautiful when she slept. While the boys on the floor in their sleeping bags were fast asleep, he was busy looking at the beauty laying in the fort.

His sleeping bag was the closest yet still pretty far from the fort, but just enough to see her pretty face. Her long eyelashes kissed her rose cheeks and her cute little button nose was smushed into her pillow. It was adorable, and Mike couldn't take his eyes off.

But staring for so long made him tired, so eventually, his body sent him to sleep.

"Mike!" She giggled as he twirled her around the basement.

"We're getting kinda good at this!" Exclaimed Mike, his hands around her waist now as they move to the rhythm of "She's Got You" by Patsy Cline.

El looked up at him with twinkling eyes before she laid her cheek on his chest. She closed her eyes and Mike could feel her smile against him.

El's little hands cling onto his shirt as they sway to the music. Mike wraps his arms around her torso and rests his chin on top of her head, also closing his eyes.

His heartbeat calms her down as she fully relaxes in his arms, wanting to stay like this forever. Mike never wanted to let this girl go, not now, not ever. He enjoyed this moment, feeling her so close and warm.

"I love you," He whispered and kissed her head.

El smiled wider. "I love you too."

Mike woke up from his dream when he felt two arms wrap around his torso.

He turned around to see El, with an uncomfortable face.

"El?" He moved his hand up to her cheek, "Is something wrong?"

El clinged onto him tighter and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

"My tummy hurts," she whimpered, a whine of pain following.

Mike frowned and wrapped his arms around her, bringing her shirt up a little just to rub her back.

"Do you want to come into my sleeping bag?" He asked, and El nodded against his skin.

He scooted a bit so she could fit, a tight fit but they didn't care, they like feeling close to each other.

Mike rested his chin on her head as her face was buried in his neck, whining against the skin. Mike frowned; his least favorite thing is hearing noises of pain coming from El. He wished he could take the pain away somehow. He continued to rub her back.

"Mike," she fumbled with his shirt, "It hurts really bad."

"I know, I know," Mike kissed her forehead, "Do you want medicine?"

El nodded, "I'm going to go to the bathroom first though," she said, and danced her way out of his sleeping bag.

He watched her walk into the basement bathroom, biting his fingernails with anxiety. He hoped the pain would go away soon.

It was only a minute later when he heard what sounded like crying, so he rushed out of his sleeping bag and ran to the bathroom door.

"El?" He knocked softly on the door, "What's wrong?"

"I-I think I-I'm dying," she sniffed, and Mike widened his eyes.

"D-dying? What do you mean El? What's happening? Do you need to go to the hospital?" Mike asked, tears brimming in his eyes.

"I- I don't know," she whimpered, "There's blood everywhere."

"Blood?!" He screeched before he connected the dots, "El, where is the

blood coming from?" He asked with flushed cheeks.

"M-my privates," she whimpered and Mike groaned a little "oh god."

"I'll be right back El, every thing will be okay, I promise!" He said and ran to the upstairs bathroom.

He rummaged through the bathroom cabinet and found a box of pads and a box of tampons. He furrowed his eyebrows, wondering which one he should give her, but decided pads would be easier to explain. He didn't want to have to say "stick the tampon up your vagina" to El today.

He put the tarpons back in the cabinet and ran back down to the basement with the box of pads.

"El?" He knocked on the door softly, "Can you open the bathroom door just a crack? I need to give you something."

El obeyed and opened the door just enough for Mike to give her a pad.

"What's this?" El asked, fumbling with the plastic that covered the sticky parts of the pad.

"It's um, a pad. It catches the blood." He explained, "What is happening to you is normal. It happens to every girl, I promise. You're not dying, it doesn't hurt you."

El tore the plastic off and threw it in the trash, "What do I do?"

"Stick it to your um- underwear," he said with red cheeks, "Stick it where the blood is coming out."

El obeyed, sticking it to the crotch part and brought her underwear and pajama pants back up.

After she washed her hands, she opened the door to face Mike again. He noticed her cheeks were red.

"Hey, it's nothing to be embarrassed about," Mike cupped her cheeks and kissed her forehead.

El placed a hand over her stomach, "My tummy still really hurts."

"Do you want some medicine now?" He asked.

El nodded and Mike took her hand and lead her upstairs.

He found the bottle of Advil and took two pills out and filled up a glass with water.

"Take both of these with water. Don't chew them, just swallow them with the water," he handed her the pills and the glass.

El trusted Mike so she did one pill at a time, swallowing them easily, finishing the glass of water.

El frowned, "My tummy still hurts."

Mike chuckled, "It takes a little for it to go away."

El whined and Mike took her hand again, "Let's try to get some sleep now, okay?"

El nodded.

She tiptoed back down the steps and Mike got into his sleeping bag, El following soon after with her back against his chest.

He wrapped his arms tightly around her, using his hand to rub her stomach in soothing circles.

Mike smiled when he saw El grinning, giving pecks to her head and the back of her neck.

He didn't stop rubbing her stomach until she fell asleep, Mike smiling and closing his own eyes, burying himself in her hair.

~divider~

"What the hell," Dustin giggled, "How do they breathe?"

Lucas snorted, "It's like they are attached by the hip!"

As Dustin and Lucas were teasing the sleeping Mike and El, Will was

taking Polaroids of their close cuddling so when they woke up they could tease them with the pictures.

Eventually Dustin hit Mike's head with a pillow making him startle awake.

"Ow.." Mike groaned, but started to smile when he felt his fingers interlocked with El's and her body pressed against him.

"Hey lover boy," Lucas teased, "Have a good nights rest?"

"Don't even start," Mike rolled his eyes, "Her stomach was hurting so I comforted her," he defended himself.

"Awwww Ellie had a stomach ache but thankfully her Prince Charming came to save her!" Dustin mocked in a high pitched voice.

Mike ignored the rest of their teasing comments, focusing fully on El wrapped in his arms and her steady breaths.

He felt her move and a little whine came out of her mouth, turning over to see Mike.

"Good morning," Mike greeted.

El smiled from ear to ear, "Good morning, Mike."

"El," Will said, and El looked up at Will, "You might wanna see this."

Will handed her the photos he took, the boys chuckling in the background as she looked through them.

She smiled and blushed at each one, while Mike was hiding his red face in her hair out of embarrassment.

"Can I keep these?" El asked, and Will chuckled and nodded.

Now those pictures are hanging on her mirror.

36. Little Hands

Please do not read if you're sensitive to pregnancy and ways to take care of babies like breastfeeding. And please do not read if you are not mature enough to handle sex references.

"Wahhhh!"

Mike and El were cooking dinner together in the kitchen when their two month year old babies sitting in their high chairs started crying.

"Can you go check on them?" El asked, and Mike nodded, putting down the stirring spoon and making his way to the screaming girls. There, he found his two beautiful babies screaming at the top of their lungs; Arley throwing around her toy building block and Sarah wiggling and pounding her hands against the high chair table.

"What's wrong darlings?" Mike asked softly, proceeding to take one of them, Arley, into his arms.

"Dirty diaper?" He questioned, lifting her up to check her diaper, finding it was clean. He put Arley down and did the same to Sarah, finding she was clean too.

"I bet you're hungry," He smiled, taking them both into his arms and bouncing them slightly, grinning as their tiny hands grip onto his shirt.

"I think it's milky time," he continued to soothe the babies, and as he said that it's like they knew what it meant, so they started crying harder.

"Ah, so it is time to eat!" Mike exclaimed.

He cradled them as he walked back into the kitchen, El smiling at him as he carried their crying babies in.

"I think they're hungry," Mike said, El nodded as she reached her arms out to hold them.

Mike transferred them into her arms and she started walking towards

the couch.

"Yeah? Are you girls hungry?" She asked them, proceeding to sit down on the couch.

Mike sat with her as she started to unbutton her shirt, lifting up her bra so she could breastfeed them.

They immediately took them into their mouths, El bouncing them slightly as they drank so they don't get gas bubbles.

Mike threw his arm around her shoulder as he smiled at his two daughters.

"They're so cute," He commented, caressing El's arm with his hand that was around her.

"The cutest," she corrected, and Mike nodded in agreement.

Their tiny hands tried to squeeze her chest so they could suck better, so El helped them and did it for them.

Arley seemed to be done and she was trying to wiggle out of El's arm, reaching her tiny hands out to Mike.

"You want to go to dada?" El questioned, letting her out of her grip and into Mike's arms.

"Hey princess," Mike said in a baby voice, Arley smiling up at him from his arms and wiggling her tiny body.

Mike raised her up a little when her arms were reaching up to touch his face, her soft baby hands going everywhere as she giggled.

"What *are* you doing there girl?" He joked, sticking his tongue out and making a noise with it. Arley copied him, more like *tried* to copy him, sticking her tongue out slightly but not making the noise he did.

She started to play with his hair and he yelped when she tugged on it.

"Owww!" He groaned jokingly, bouncing the baby again, "What do

you have against daddy?"

But she just giggled and clapped her hands together, Mike smiling at her twinkling eyes full of wonder.

El watched the love of her life and one of her beautiful daughters be goofy together and she couldn't help but to feel she was falling in love all over again. She sighed happily, looking back down to see Sarah needed some burping.

She stood up and placed Sarah on her chest, her chin resting in her shoulder as she patted her back and bounced her.

Sarah burped loudly, surprising El and she brought her up to look at her.

"That's a big burp for such a tiny body!" El giggled, and booped her nose, Sarah's arms flailing and kicking her legs with happiness.

"Hey babe," El turned to look at Mike who was now bouncing Arley on his knee, pretending that he was a horse and Arley clapping her hands together and laughing.

She smiled and walked over to him. "Can you take care of them as I finish making dinner?" She asked, handing Mike Sarah gently.

"Of course," he grinned up at her and kissed the top of her hand, making El giggle.

El walked off into kitchen and Mike looked down to see Sarah taking his fingers into her mouth.

He chuckled, "Does my fingers taste good?" Sarah responded with a little "bla!" Which Mike found adorable.

Since they are two months old, they just started to use their voices more. Of course that cannot talk, but they giggle and make noises and experiment with their voice.

Arley started to get sleepy because of the breast milk, and Mike watched as she cuddled up in his arm; whilst Sarah was still sucking on his fingers.

He stared down at them with love, thinking he was the luckiest man in the world.

It took a while for El to get pregnant. When they decided they were ready for a baby, it seemed like their bodies were going against them.

The first night they had sex without any condom or birth control was fine. It was like any other time they engaged in bedroom activities; the room filled with delicate moans and whimpers. They both hit orgasm that night and they thought it worked, but a week later when El got her period, they were clearly mistaken. El was greatly disappointed, and Mike was too, but they knew they could try again.

Right when she got off her period, they tried again. Though, El couldn't relax. She wanted this time to work so badly she ended up getting too stressed. Even though they both hit orgasm, her body was too stressed to create a baby. And when her period came again, she cried. But she knew Mike was right when he said she needed to relax.

But when they tried for a third time, they were too desperate. They rushed their love making, going too fast to not even process anything. They always engaged in passionate love making but that night was different; they were too focused on creating a baby and not enjoying and exploring each other's bodies. So much so, that they both didn't hit orgasm. No orgasm from Mike, no sperm. No sperm, no baby.

They gave up trying to hit orgasm that night and El cried into his shoulder, but Mike soothed her by rubbing her thigh with his thumb and saying that they can try again.

They knew they were too desperate and stressed to have a baby, at least that's what the doctor told them after embarrassing questions about their sex life. They found out they cannot rush the process and to do it when it feels right. They've been too desperate for a baby that they've been having sex carelessly, not doing it when they are in the mood or aroused.

The fourth time they tried was the one that they got their babies from. They haven't had sex in weeks, and it was finally catching up to both of them. They were desperate for each other's bodies, not so much focusing on the baby. So that morning, when El was making

breakfast, Mike was kissing her as she was on the counter, and it turned into more. Mike started to unbutton her shirt and El was wrapping her legs around his waist. They broke apart the kiss, exchanging knowing glances and rushed to the bedroom. That morning was slow, passionate, and filled with love and admiration. Their bedroom was filled with laughter, moans, whines, and sweat. And when Mike felt like he was going to hit orgasm, he brought her hips up as close to his so he could go as deep as possible. And as they both hit orgasm, they cuddled up against each other and started giggling if that was *the* time.

And it was. El took a pregnancy test and it was positive. That night when the found out was filled with so, so many tears, many kisses, hugs, and smiles.

And when they found out it was going to be *twin girls*, they were bouncing off the walls. Of course they were a bit scared taking care of two babies at once, but they knew it would be okay.

Mike soon found Arley asleep, her tiny hand wrapped around his finger in her sleep and her chubby cheek squished against his arm. Sarah was soon to be asleep too, fiddling with Mike's shirt.

He couldn't stop staring at them, they were too adorable. It felt like he was holding two angels in his arms.

And later that night when him and El ate dinner, babies asleep in their arms, they fell asleep too, the whole family sleeping together as one.